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THE MUSSULMAN.

BY R. R. MADDEN, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF

"TRAVELS IN TURKEY, EGYPT, NUBIA, AND PALESTINE."

——— "the face of Mussulman
Not oft betrays to standers by
The mind within, well skill'd to hide
All but unconquerable pride." *Bride of Abydos.*

"And indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my after rumination wraps me, is a most humourous sadness."
As You Like It.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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THE MUSSULMAN.

CHAPTER I.

What wife! I have no wife!

OTHELLO.

OUR hero began to think that Locman, with all his wisdom, was a propounder of lying proverbs; and that it was possible for a man to have youth, health, and wealth, and yet to be supremely wretched. He believed himself to be the most miserable of men, and that belief was sufficient to make him so.

Happiness is not made by circumstances, but by one's opinions of them: a little while ago, Mourad imagined that poverty was the only

ill in life; he was now opulent, and was farther from content than he had ever been. He was a dependant on the bounty of a woman whom he loathed, for the very degradation which her abused liberality occasioned.

He was a traitor to the woman whom he loved, and had forfeited all claim to her affections, at the moment the blessing he had despaired of appeared to be within his grasp.

Though his marriage with Miriam was still kept a secret, scandal was busy with the fame of the widow; and seldom as her reputed lover now visited her dwelling, his goings and comings were watched by the neighbours, and well-known to her kinsmen.

One evening, on entering her abode, he observed a number of Levantines loitering about the gallery of the okella; but, as they did not appear to notice him, he slipped into the passage and posted himself behind the door to watch their motions.

He had not been long there before he heard a heavy footstep overhead, and shortly after he had a glimpse of a tall figure in a Dervish habit descending the stairs. Mourad had a

full view of his countenance as he leisurely approached the door; he appeared to be rather past the prime of life; a rubicund, smooth-faced calendar, whose roguish eye gave something of an absurd expression to the prevailing indolence of his features.

Our hero was not a little confounded at the sight of a stranger quitting the apartments of his wife: the first impulse carried his hand to the pistol in his girdle; the second was one of more prudence, for it sprang from the suggestion that he had a good plea for getting rid of a troublesome connexion. He slammed to the door the moment the Dervish was about making his exit, and pounced on him with the fury of a tiger, ere he gave him time to recover from the astonishment which his sudden appearance produced.

"Dog of a Sufi!" said he, "what business has brought you to this dwelling? what secret villainy has carried you, at this unseasonable hour, to the forbidden walls of my harem?"

"By the propitious star of your house!" exclaimed the Dervish, in a tremulous voice, "I conjure you to take your fingers from my

throat; I charge you, by the unlucky planet of my birth, suffer me to breathe and to assure you of my innocence. By the source of all evil, the implacable Goddess Beltha, listen to me, if you are a man of discretion and understanding, and repent of the insult you offer to my robe. If this be your house, the sick woman in the harem must be your wife, and to you I must look for the remuneration of my visits. Allah is most bounteous! but this is not the way to fee a hakkim, who has promised to consult the heavenly bodies for the health of your household."

"Follow me, impostor," cried Mourad, "to the chamber of your pretended patient; you shall be confronted with this sick lady, and in her presence will I know the truth; and, if I find the shadow of a falsehood on your lip, let me see which of the planets will save you from my vengeance."

The poor Dervish resigned himself to his fate; he followed with reluctant step, sighing as he went along, and uttering imprecations on the Goddess Beltha, and all the planets of her tribe.

"Now, son of a pagan!" cried our hero, entering the apartment of his wife, "make a full confession of your guilt, and I will suffer you to go forth unharmed: fool me with lies, and I will tear you, like a ravening vulture, joint by joint."

"Truth," said the Dervish, sighing from the bottom of his heart, "is always commendable, and can never be too highly recompensed. Since I must speak it, close all the doors, and remember your promise; and since you have consented to let me live, I pray you to consider that life is not worth possessing without the sparkling waters of that spiritual fountain which Hafiz quaffed in the bowers of Rochnabad, and which the profane call wine. Money I have none, to buy it; therefore, Effendi, before I commence my confession, lend me half-a-dozen bergoots; and suffer me, like Tarafa, while I live, to drench my brains with wine, lest, having drunk too little here below, I should be intemperate in my cups at the pond of the Prophet in the place above."

"Cease, kafir!" cried our hero, "your pro-

fligate discourse; speak, and that briefly, of the infamy these cursed walls have witnessed."

"Then listen and be entirely content," exclaimed the Dervish, "for I am sure I can tell you nothing worse than what your fancy has already pictured. In our convent in Stamboul, a Hindi fakir once told me, that a wise man's wife was always virtuous; and that a book, a lute, a weapon, and a woman, were all of them useless or valuable, according to the hands in which they fell. The poor fakir had certainly no great opinion of his own wisdom, for he spoke disparagingly of his wife, and admitted that a bright-eyed woman is never satisfied with lovers, no more than fire is satisfied with fuel, the sea with rivers, or death with victims. Now, Effendi, there may be some doubt as to the insatiable disposition of bright-eyed women, but there can be none at all as to the probability of the wise man's wife being well-conducted and discreet. If I know any thing of the star which sheds its propitious light over the solemn mysteries of Aniran, it is this; that a bad husband is in the bosom of his poor wife, as a dead body in the abode of the living; an

object once loved, next lamented, and ultimately loathed. Allah forbid that I should say you are that bad husband! the Prophet defend me from accusing you of having been a cruel, a capricious, an indifferent, or a neglectful husband! or of thinking, even if you were such, (which God forbid,) that the constancy of your wife, therefore, ceased to be a virtue. I only say that constancy in woman is not the natural consequence of coldness in man."

"Insolent kafir!" cried Mourad; "beware how you trifle with my patience; though preaching be your trade, and drunkenness your occupation, think not to impose on me: your profligacy is privileged in the world; but here, were you the father of all the dissolute fakirs in the universe, it shall not go unpunished.—On one condition I have said," continued he in a low tone, "you may secure your safety; namely, by a full confession of your guilt in the presence of your pretended patient. I have my own reasons for letting you off so cheaply; dispute them not, if you have any regard for your life."

The door of an inner apartment flew open

while Mourad was yet terrifying the soul of the Dervish with his threats, and in walked the mistress of the house, with the slow and dignified step of an insulted queen, awing the offender into silence as she advanced with a look whose glance was lightning, and whose duration gave time to anticipate the thunder of abuse that was to follow.

"Now, Dervish," exclaimed our hero, "speak the entire truth, or my sword shall rip it from your heart."

The eyes of the Dervish were fixed on the earth, to avoid the encounter of the soul-subduing glance of the Sultana. He stammered out something about its being a propitious hour for making an avowal of errors; when the indignant Miriam, no longer able to control her rage, let loose her tongue, and opened the campaign with a volley of invective, which would have done honour to one of Homer's heroes. Stepping up to Mourad, she cried, in a voice of fury, "What words are these I hear in my own house? Has the beast I suffered to crawl over my threshold gone mad? or is the beggar in his drink, that he dares to spit upon the hand

which gave him bread? Mother of Saint James! have I deserved this shame at the hands of a wretch whom I fed and clothed, when his condition was below that of a famished fellah? Soul of the Patriarch! have I merited this insult from a broken bankrupt, whom I fostered in my haznah after scouring the highways for a living? Shadow of the Madonna! is the insolence of such a monster to be endured? No, dog of a Sufi without faith! I have borne with ill-usage too long; but Allah is stronger than the Shitan; your reign over me and mine is at an end. So, you would tamper with the honesty of this poor hakkim, and offer him a bribe to calumniate my honour! So, you would terrify this pious Dervish by your threats into a confession of infamy, which his soul disclaims as well as mine! Fear not, my good Dervish; my servants are within call: let him but lift a finger to do you hurt, and I will have him dragged to the next guard-house. Let him fume, and rave, and stamp on the floor till he is tired; his rage has no terror for me. Let him beware of mine; the thread of his existence is in my grasp; the sword of justice is in his,

whose right-hand reaches from Candia to El Masr."

Mourad became more tranquil: beckoning to the Dervish to draw back, he addressed the mistress of the house in a low but earnest tone.

"Are you wise, woman," said he, "to talk after this fashion; to call me opprobrious names in the face of your paramour; to publish me to the world as a beggar, and a bankrupt, a robber, and, what is worse, a dishonoured husband? Is this your gratitude for the preservation of your life? Was I a beggar when I snatched you from the watery grave, on whose yawning brink you stood imploring my pity? Was I a bankrupt when I supplied you in a strange land with the means of returning to your country? Fool that I was for doing so! but what words can express the tenfold folly of expecting gratitude from a woman, and, above all, from a Christian!"

Had Mourad finished here, his words might have made some favourable impression on the tender-hearted woman; but unluckily he proceeded to address the inconstant wife, and the

wind of wrath was only momentarily hushed to break out into a tempest.

She clapped her hands with such violence, that every servant in the house was in a moment at her command; a loud knocking was heard the same instant at the outer door. "Run, slaves," cried the mistress, "and give free admission to whoever enters; if it be any of my kinsmen, let them take this drunken man to the guard-house."

"The first of your kinsmen," exclaimed our hero, "who enters this chamber, will be soon glad to leave it;" and baring his right arm as he spoke, he posted himself in the doorway, like one prepared for immediate action.

Meantime the kinsmen of the lady (for such they were who sought admission) rushed up the stairs; half a dozen were already on the landing, when the appalling apparition of the Turk in the doorway came on their vision all at once, and filled every soul of them with dismay. Gladly would they have retraced their steps, but Mourad cut off their retreat. To the Dervish, who seemed the most unconcerned

of the spectators, it was an amusing sight to see a host of shivering Levantines shrinking from one single arm, whose only weapon was a pipe-stick. The war-whoop of the women commenced; the first missile was a water-melon, which came from the hands of Miriam, and was aimed at the head of Mourad, but it unluckily took effect on the broad cheek-bone of the Dervish; had Beltha herself flung it, her devoted victim could not have received a greater shock. The flakes of the shattered melon, which hung about his features, he believed to be his brains oozing through a wound; his roars predominated over the screams of all the women.

Our hero thought it time to commence a general attack; the women were already harassing him in the rear with showers of coffee-pots, pipe-bowls, and bardacs; half a dozen water-coolers were already shattered on his person; but as the assailants fled at every discharge, and returned to the attack under cover of a half-closed door, Mourad chose not to pursue the fugitives, and thus suffer the Levantines in the passage to escape before he had punished their intrusion.

The turbans of the latter were soon flying in the air, their auterees and djebees demolished in the twinkling of an eye; their own pipe-sticks broken on their heads; in short, the conflict was at its height, when a loud tramping of staves and footsteps was heard on the stairs, and up walked the captain of the guard followed by a dozen of his soldiers.

Mourad had already been in a dungeon; he therefore knew how to respect men in authority: he bowed submission to the mandate of the chief officer to throw down his weapon; he looked in his face and recognised his old acquaintance Aslan.

He thought he perceived a suppressed smile on his countenance as he addressed him. "Am I always," said he, "to find my young Delhi-bashi breaking people's heads for his recreation, disturbing the peace of the whole town for his amusements? Allah Illah! this fantasia of yours is becoming too frequent an enjoyment; we must get the Governor to send you to the Pacha, to give you some employment, if it please his Highness to leave your head on your shoulders, or to permit you to remain in his

country. Take him off to the guard-house. But what strange figure is this in the habit of a Dervish, his face covered with the fragments of a pastek, and one side of his countenance three times bigger than the other? Who is he, I say, that keeps up this horrible howling, and sits wringing his hands there, as if he had received some mortal injury?—Can no one answer for him?"

"Effendi," cried the Dervish in a melancholy whining tone, "I will answer for myself. My hours are numbered; I am a dead man; that infernal bullet which just now thundered on my jaw, has done the work of a cannon ball; my head is broken, my brains are spattered over my face, my evil planet has prevailed, the implacable Beltha has triumphed; it is written, I was to be slain by a woman."

"What!" exclaimed Aslan, "was it not this young madman who assaulted you?"

"No," replied the Dervish: "I am a dying man, I must speak the truth—it was the woman let fly the fatal ball at my head; the young man was not to blame."

Here, luckily for our hero, about twenty

Levantines, men and women, commenced altogether their various versions of the brawl, and of the causes which led to it. In the confusion of so many tongues, it was impossible for the chief officer to distinguish any specific charge; the widow, however, (who had been afforded a moment of reflection,) took upon herself to explain the whole matter in the most satisfactory manner. She took Aslan aside, and slipping half a dozen gold pieces into his hand, she whispered in his ear, "The sooner that young madman is sent from Scanderia, the better for the quiet of the whole city."

Aslan shut his eyes, and gave his head the significant demi-inclination of one who comprehends more than meets his ear, and acquiesces in all that does.

Mourad was marched off without having an opportunity afforded him of giving one parting word of abuse to those he left behind; while the poor Dervish was thrust out of doors, with his jaw-bone yet ringing from the effects of the terrible pastek.

CHAPTER II.

Authority, though pleasant to those who taste it, is like the poison which is concealed in honey.

THE LAMJA.

MOURAD was conducted to the door of the guard-house; there Aslan bade the soldiers leave the prisoner to his charge, and desiring the latter to follow him, he proceeded to his dwelling.

"Guelh Delhibashi," said he, as he entered his apartment; "come, prince of madmen, though there is no one here for you to beat or bruise, sit down in peace and let us have a little sober conversation. I want to know nothing of your secrets; were I as deaf as a dog-fish, as blind as a bat, I could not fail to understand the terms on which you have been with this moon-faced widow. But was it essential to your happiness, the moment you fell in love

with this Christian beauty, to turn her household upside down, merely because she is an infidel; to break the heads of all her kinsmen, because they are not true believers; and to involve an unfortunate fakir in your quarrel, who has got his jaw smashed, for no earthly reason, but that he was good-natured fool enough to interfere between a Mejnoun and a Leileh." (Mourad groaned.) "I have already given you a proof of my friendly consideration; 'the old lion,' you know, makes allowance for the intemperance of the cub. I was once inexperienced myself, and thought the great duty of a man of courage was to cuff and kick every pessavink who was poorer and more puny than myself. A soldier, you must be aware, has a better opportunity of gratifying his inclination in this way than any other person, and therefore I embraced the military profession. I never had cause to repent of my choice; and as I am interested in your welfare, I advise you to follow my example. I have interest enough with the people of the Pacha to procure you employment; the Viceroy wants soldiers, and you do not want

qualities to ensure advancement. That fiery temper of yours may gain you honour in the field; here, it is likely one day or other to get you bowstrung. Nothing is more commendable in a soldier than to break heads; and yet nothing is more disgraceful in a citizen: the same occupation, in different situations, gets one man a pelisse, another the bastinado. If you go to El Masr, (Cairo,) you may attain the former; if you remain in Scanderia, (Alexandria,) you are sure to be invested, like the fabled Ashab, with the garment of contempt."

"Effendi!" cried our hero, with great earnestness of manner, "I will be ruled entirely by your counsel; your friendship is now my only fortune; while I possess it, I am the richest of the sons of men."

"Then hear me with attention," continued Aslan, "and hide my words in the secret chamber of your heart. When the waters of public life are troubled with contentious winds, it is only the bravest bark that keeps the sea. Faction at this moment is buffeting the sides of Egypt. The partisans of the late Kourshid Pacha, and the still formidable remnant of the

Mamelukes, are struggling with Mohamed Ali for no less a prize than the vessel of the state. Half a dozen years' possession has not fixed the latter with such stability on the poop of Egyptian government, but that every breath of the Beys agitates the ocean, and heaves up the keel of the poor old Pachalik. Whether she founder, or the shallops which beset her, it matters not to you; there will be many a rich prize to be picked up by the discreet spectator who is not born to be drowned: a death I should think you are not at all likely to encounter." (Mourad bowed.) "But the probability is, that the Mamelukes will go down in the struggle; they are noble-minded fools, and spread the canvass of credulity to every breath that bears a promise, as if it were the wind of Paradise which came direct from the throne of the Apostle. In plain Turkish, the times are sick; and when they are so, Imam Ali informs us, that nothing can ease the Prince's stomach, but the removal of all that is honourable and noble. It is fit you should be acquainted with the character of the man who holds the helm of affairs; and after I have given you a brief outline of his history,

it will be your own fault if you do not turn the information to a profitable account.

"Mohamed Ali, the present Viceroy of Egypt, was born in Cavalè, a town in Roumelia, the blessed year of the Hegira Eleven Hundred and Eighty-two (A.D. 1769). His father was chief of the patrol who preserved the security of the public roads.

"At an early age he became a servant to a Choarbagi of Cavale, who noticed the energy of his character, and the assiduity he uniformly manifested. In a little time Mohamed Ali was not only in the favour of his master, but, what was of no less importance, in the good graces of his harem likewise. The first act of his public life was one of those well-planned stratagems which we call generalship, and giaours, perfidy; but, whatever be the name, it was one of those plausible artifices which have since formed the principal feature in the political character of the wily Pacha.

"A neighbouring village having refused to pay tribute, Mohamed Ali asked permission of his master to bring the delinquents before him. It was in vain that the Choarbagi repre-

sented the impossibility of doing so; of his having no adequate force to send against the village, whose inhabitants were renowned for their audacity. Mohamed Ali was not to be put from his purpose; he demanded six soldiers, and with this number he set out for the village. Having posted his little force so as to excite no suspicion, he entered a mosque, and having performed his namez with great devotion in the face of the Imam, he dispatched him to request the presence of the four principal men of the place, in order to communicate something to them of great importance to their private fortunes. The unsuspecting grandees came to the house of God; a signal brought the soldiers to the door; the men were seized, bound, and carried off, before the Imam had time to raise his townsmen.

" For this feat of valour the young hero was made a Boluk bashi, and in the course of a little time was married to a rich widow, a relative of his master, by whom he has three sons, Ibrahim, Toussun, and Ismael. He now turned his thoughts to commerce, and in the capacity of a tobacco-merchant he frequently

associated with the Franks of Salonica, and in their society he acquired those giaour notions which ever after influenced his conduct. In the mean time, the French unbelievers having taken possession of Egypt, the Sublime Porte (glory to its shadow!) took up the sword of Islam, and suffered, in the greatness of its condescension, the infidels who make our pen-knives, to range under the banner of the Faithful.

"The Choarbagi got a firman to furnish a contingent of three hundred men, a command which was executed with no little difficulty. The son of the Choarbagi was appointed captain of the troops; but the privations of the voyage, and the difficulties the army encountered at Aboukir, disgusted the young commander; he quitted the service, and gave up the command to Mohamed Ali, who took the title of Bynbashi (Colonel). In the first battle with the infidels, the Moslems, of course, had the advantage; notwithstanding, our young hero lost a great number of his men; but he had the good fortune to be observed by the Captain Pacha in the act of rallying his troop, and was recommended for his bravery to the

notice of Kousruf Pacha, and ultimately placed under his orders. Having signalized himself on many occasions, he eventually got the title of Sarè Chesmè, after the massacre of the Beys in the camp of Aboukir, an exploit in which he had his share of honour. The infidels our foes, as well as those our allies, having at length freed the soil of Islam from the abomination of their presence, it only remained to get rid of those Mamelukes whom the Inglis called their friends, and left to the mercy of their foes. Kourshid Pacha was at that time the Viceroy of the country, nominated by the Porte, but only sustained in his government by a horde of Albanians, one of whose chiefs was Mohamed Ali. With this force, little as the Pacha could rely on it, he kept the Mamelukes without the walls of the city; but they spread devastation in the adjoining country, and pitched their camps without molestation in sight of the citadel. Mohamed Ali resolved to attack them: as usual, he had recourse to stratagem; he wrote to three Beys, Osman, Hassan, and Elfi, to prevent the suspicion of his intention, that he was aware of the wrongs they had to com-

plain of, and that unless the Pacha listened to their remonstrances, he meant to join their side. Duped by this artifice, the Beys were thrown off their guard. Their enemy, a thousand strong, entered their camp at midnight; Elfi was surprised in bed; but the enterprise was so unskilfully managed, that he and his Mamelukes escaped. The baggage and five heads only were carried away by the victor.

"The Pacha presented him with a pelisse, and at the same time with a firman from the Sultan, ordering him to leave the country. He affected to prepare for his departure, which he fixed for that day two months. The Pacha, deceived by his apparent willingness to obey the mandate, overwhelmed him with civilities; and, to rid himself of his presence during the period of his remaining in Egypt, he appointed him governor of Girgeh, for which place he immediately set out.

"To supplant the Albanians, the Pacha caused a corps of Delhis to come from Syria. This measure was so displeasing to Mohamed Ali, that he immediately returned to Cairo from his government, with all his soldiers. He put the Delhis to route who guarded the gates of the

city, made a triumphant entry, and demanded the pay of his soldiers under the very walls of the citadel. The Pacha in vain declaimed against his insubordination, and forbade the authorities to hold any intercourse with the rebel; but the rebel was every where felicitated.

" On his arrival in the capital, he had gained a well-earned reputation for moderation, as well as courage, and the people looked to him as the only one capable of checking the disorders of the soldiery; of the Delhis especially, who ravaged the whole town, and violated even the sanctity of the harem. The people were not deceived; they found a protector in Mohamed Ali; he repressed the insolence of the new troops, afforded protection to the Franks, and even made friends of the Ulemas and Sheiks.

" When Kourshid found he had no intention of obeying the mandate of the Sultan, he procured another firman, appointing him to the Pachalik of Jedda. He invited him to the citadel to invest him with the robe of dignity, but Mohamed Ali was too well acquainted with treachery to entrust himself in the house of his enemy —he refused to go. After some days' discus-

sion, it was agreed that he should meet the Viceroy at the house of a man whose faith he could depend on, and accordingly they met at the divan of Seid Aga, a mutual friend. The firman was read, and the young Pacha of Jedda was invested with the pelisse and kaouk of honour.

"The suburbs of the city were still ravaged by the Delhis: the Sheiks, or chiefs of the people, complained to the Cadi; the people themselves cried out for the deposition of Kourshid Pacha, while the partisans of Mohamed Ali demanded his nomination to the Viceregal office. But what proved the address of the young adventurer more than any other circumstance of his life was this, that he was so subtle in persuasion, and tempered resolution with so much moderation, that he gained the hearts of all classes, and for once in the world, the Ulemas and the rabble were heard shouting for the appointment of the same governor. Two of his partisans, Seid Omar Makram and Sheik Abdallah Cherkaouy, assembled a divan, and in the presence of the people, they invested Mo-

hamed Ali with the robe of Viceroy, and proclaimed him Pacha of Egypt.

"A deputation of Sheiks was sent to Kourshid to inform him of his destitution. He laughed at the beards of the messengers, and dismissed them with the assurance, that till it was the will of the Sultan to depose him, he would never leave the citadel. The citadel was accordingly besieged by the newly-appointed governor, and many weeks passed over without gaining any advantage; at length, during the siege, a Capidgi-bashi arrived from Stamboul, bearing a firman, confirming the election of the people in favour of Mohamed Ali as Governor of Egypt, (9th July, 1805.)

"Kourshid refused to acknowledge the firman. 'He was appointed Viceroy,' he said, 'by a hattisheriffe, and by a hattisheriffe only would he give up his office.' In the interim, the Capitan Pacha arrived before Scanderia with his fleet, to second Mohamed Ali; and Kourshid being eventually driven from Egypt, the young Vice roy was left in quiet possession of his throne The first act of his government was a financial

stratagem, which replenished the exhausted coffers of the state, without distressing the people generally. He arrested the chief of the treasury, Gohary, on the pretence that he had furnished no account to his predecessors for the last five years; he demanded an account, the items of which he himself specified, and forced him to refund four thousand eight hundred purses. The Mamelukes were still in possession of Upper Egypt, and even had a camp under the walls of El Masr. The Pacha was justly desirous to get rid of their annoyance. A fool, or a Frank, would think he would have met his enemies in the open field of battle, and in the face of heaven; but, of course, Mohamed Ali committed no such folly. As usual, he had recourse to stratagem, (the Beys said to treachery,) and his plan succeeded. He caused a report to be spread abroad, that the festival of the Kalege, or cutting of the canal which lets in the water of the Nile into the great square of the city, would be celebrated with more than ordinary splendour; and that the public authorities, and all the troops, should be assembled on the spot during the night of the fantasia.

He also ordered several of his principal officers to write letters to the Beys, informing them of the favourable opportunity which the withdrawal of the troops from the heart of the city would afford the enemies of the Pacha for entering the town by the gates most distant from the Kalege, and likewise offering to abet them in their enterprise for a certain sum of money, to be paid on their establishment in El Masr. The stratagem was seconded by a letter from the Pacha's friend Omar, who represented himself as a disgraced favourite, and a sworn foe to the Pacha. He advised the Beys to surprise the city during the festival, and to make his house their rallying point.

"In open warfare Mohamed Ali was rarely successful; in deceit he hardly ever failed. The night of the festival arrived; the canal was cut; the Mamelukes broke open the gates, and entered the city, unopposed, with beat of drum. But suddenly the soldiers of the Pacha appeared on all sides; the Mamelukes were fired on from the roof and windows of every house in the quarter. They fled in the utmost disorder; many were fortunate enough to

escape, by abandoning their horses and scaling the city walls, but the greater number were massacred in the streets. Some of the unfortunates, amongst whom was Achmet Bey, sought refuge in a mosque: but no place was too holy for the vengeance of Mohamed Ali; the poor wretches were dragged forth, stripped of their fine Mameluke attire, bound with cords, and dragged before the Pacha.

"The moment he set eyes on the humbled figure of Achmet Bey, whom he had personally known in the days of his splendour, his vulgar features brightened up with satisfaction. 'What!' said he, 'has so clever a man as Achmet Bey fallen into the trap?' The fallen Bey replied not to the question. He begged the guard to bring him a draught of water; his hands were loosened to allow him to raise the bardak to his mouth, but suddenly relinquishing the water-vessel, he seized on the dagger of one of the soldiers who stood near him, and hurled it at the breast of the Pacha. Mohamed Ali escaped the blow by stooping to the earth, and avoided the possibility of another by flying to the roof of the palace, while the

unfortunate Bey was cut to pieces by the soldiers, after wounding several of his assailants. The other prisoners were thrown into a dungeon: the following day, being led into the court-yard of the prison, butchers were sent for, and in the presence of the captives, the heads of their chiefs and companions were skinned, and stuffed with straw.

"To-morrow," continued Aslan, "if it please God, I will finish my account of his Highness; in the mean time you will remain my guest, and endeavour to forget the unlucky adventure of the morning."

CHAPTER III.

The fatigue of exalted office hath wrinkled my brow, but above all have I sickened at the necessity of flattering my foes.

EL WARDI.

NEXT morning Mourad begged his host to resume the history of the Pacha, and Aslan, who had naturally a strong affection for the sound of his own voice, very readily complied with his request, in the following words:—

"The day of the festival was a day of mourning in El Masr: the dyke was cut by the servants of the Pacha, but the people took no part in the fantasia—nobody thought about rejoicings, but every one talked of the massacre. Mohamed Ali followed up his victories by sending an army against Ibrahim Bey and his son Marsouk, who were encamped under Gebel

Mokattam. But the expedition was an unfortunate one; the Mamelukes behaved with such determined courage, that a third of the Pacha's army was left dead on the field, the remainder fled to Cairo in the utmost disorder. The Viceroy's exasperation was fatal to the unfortunate Mameluke prisoners, who were confined in a dungeon beneath his palace. The state of suspense in which they had been left since the night of their capture, was put an end to by the sudden appearance of their guard, armed with naked hanjars. The work of blood began; one after another the prisoners were cut down, and the following day, eighty-three heads were stuffed and sent to Stamboul. But all the blood of the Beys could not bring money into the exhausted treasury of the Viceroy.

"The properties of the rich were confiscated, contributions were levied on the Greeks and Copts; and, in Damietta, the Jews were publicly tortured to make them confess their wealth. A new stratagem was tried to get the Beys of Upper Egypt to return to the capital; the Pacha sent presents of great value to the

chiefs, and made offers of peace, which were rejected with scorn. In the mean time, seventy Tartars arrived from Stamboul, bearing the three horse-tails of the Pachalik, and a hatti-sheriffe confirming the Viceroy in his government. After the public rejoicings on this occasion, another army was sent against Elfy Bey, which met with the same fate as the former.

"Elfy, emboldened by his victory, pushed his success to the very walls of the capital. The English infidels called him their ally, and were unceasing in their intrigues with the Porte to restore him to favour. The giaours succeeded. The Capitan Pacha arrived in Scanderia with a numerous fleet, and a force of three thousand Nezam Gedids, to establish the Beys, conjointly with Moussa Pacha, in the Government of Egypt. Mohamed Ali received a firman from the Sultan, commanding him to quit Egypt, and repair to Salonica, of which place he was appointed Pacha. Mohamed Ali kissed the firman, but he showed no alacrity in obeying it. The Capitan Pacha dispatched another Capidgi-bashi, with orders to bring

the Viceroy, or his head, to Scanderia. The Viceroy refused to see the messenger; but he sent word by him to his master, that he was ready to leave Egypt, but that his troops would not suffer him to depart till he had paid their arrears, which amounted to two thousand purses. The messenger was no sooner dismissed, than he commenced putting the city in a state of defence; he garrisoned the citadel, and provisioned it for a long siege. The activity of his preparations surprised even the Frangi, who seem born to be bustling about continually, like so many grains of sand in a whirlwind, without any sense of dignity.

"The Beys were expected to second the Capitan Pacha in displacing Mohamed Ali, their implacable enemy; but their disunion and dissensions, frustrated the hope of relying on their aid. Elfi however, with his wonted liberality, sent a present to the Capitan Pacha, worthy of a Mameluke to offer, and a prince to accept: it consisted of thirty Arab horses, richly caparisoned, four thousand sheep, and a hundred camels, laden with provisions, and splendid dresses for the officers of the admiral. The

Capitan Pacha sent in return a present of two mortars, five hundred guns, and other munitions of war. Another order arrived from the Capitan for the immediate departure of Mohamed Ali, and an announcement of the pardon accorded by the Sultan to the Mamelukes. When the Viceroy read this imperative command, he turned to one of his confidential friends, and said, 'I have won El Masr by the sword, and only by the sword will I cede it; Egypt is now at auction, and he who gives the last blow of the sabre will be the master.'

"About this period another unfortunate battle with the Beys at Negyleh lost him six hundred men. Had there been any unanimity amongst the victors, Mohamed Ali's ruin was inevitable; but it was in vain the Capitan Pacha waited, week after week, for their general cooperation, till at last, disgusted with their dissensions, he turned over all at once to the side of Mohamed Ali. Having written to the Porte announcing the state of things in the country, a firman arrived, with the consent of the Sultan, to leave the present Pacha in his government, provided he paid four thousand

purses for being confirmed in his dignity, supplied the annual caravan of pilgrims with money and provisions, and ceased to make war on the Mamelukes. The terms were accepted. The son of the Viceroy Ibrahim (dishonour to his beard!) was sent to Stamboul as a hostage for the payment of the money; and in a short time after, a contribution was levied on the wives of the Beys, and on the Christian merchants, of six thousand purses.

"On the rumour of Russia declaring war with the Porte, the fleet of the Capitan Pacha weighed anchor, and Scanderia was left in quiet possession of the Viceroy. One of the bravest of the Beys, Osman Bardissy, died about this time. His death was lamented by all except the Pacha. His servants killed his horses before his tent, and then broke his arms over his tomb, the greatest honour that could be paid to his remains. But Elfy the Great, the most formidable of all the enemies of the Pacha, was taken off shortly after the death of Bardissy, probably by poison: the Pacha has a long hand. The strength of the Beys was now broken; the two greatest of their chiefs were taken from them. The

Viceroy became more successful than he had been in every succeeding encounter with them. He found little difficulty in deceiving the chiefs, having bought over the Bedouin troops who guarded their camp: he proposed an armistice, which was partly accepted, when he surprised their camp at night at the head of two thousand horsemen, fell on the sleeping wretches, and slew three hundred of them before a sword was unsheathed.

"The rejoicings for this victory were interrupted by the intelligence that an English fleet of twenty-five sail had arrived in Scanderia (17th of March, 1807); that five thousand infidels had landed, and taken possession of the city without firing a shot. The inquietude in El Masr was very great, but the next news put an end to the consternation. The infidels, as might have been expected, were beaten at Rosetta by the true believers, and a hundred-and-twenty prisoners were brought to the Pacha. Two regiments of the giaours had the madness to make the attack on El Raschid. They arrived, after a fatiguing march across the Desert; they were

suffered to enter the town without opposition; they strolled in separate parties about the bazaars; many of them abandoned their arms, and were reposing in the shade, eating and drinking like intemperate giaours, when the Governor, Ali Bey, at the head of five hundred men, suddenly appeared. In an instant, every house became a fortress, from the windows and terraces of which death was poured on the invaders. Their general was killed, confusion ensued, and in the course of half an hour the streets were strewed with the enemies of the Prophet. Unfortunately, instead of pursuing the survivors, the victorious Moslems commenced cutting off the heads of the slain, and wrangling for the possession of the captives, who were sent to El Masr in the same boat with the heads of their companions—ninety of which were placed on spears, and stuck up in the great square of Ezbekia. What the mad infidels meant by coming in so small a number, and in so disorderly a manner, no one knew—they knew not themselves; the fortress was well-garrisoned, yet they counted on victory as if they

had nothing else to expect; the dinner was cooked for the general and his staff in the house of the consul, but it was decreed that Ali Bey and his officers should eat it. The English were not satisfied with their defeat; they sent another army, three times more numerous than the former, against El Raschid. The Pacha sent five thousand men, under Hassan Pacha, to beat them again. The town was bombarded; another battle was fought—we lost a couple of hundred men, but the victory was ours: new prisoners were sent to El Masr; and as they passed through the great square, they had to traverse an alley where four hundred-and-fifty heads were ranged on either side. But, with all this glory, the Pacha had need of repose—the coffers of the state were empty. The Beys were still to be vanquished, and there is no fighting without money.

"He sent a deputation of Sheiks to the Mamelukes, accompanied by a present of great value for their chiefs, inviting them to return to their homes in Cairo, and promising pardon for the past and protection for the future. The

offer was accepted, all the principal Beys returned with their numerous followers to the capital, and were well received. The propitious star of Mohamed Ali was now rising in the heavens. The English evacuated Scanderia; the prisoners were given up; their fleet left the harbour; and nobody can tell what they came for. The Beys are in El Masr, under the nose of the Viceroy; they eat, and drink, and ride on fine horses, as if they were masters of their own souls; how long they may be owners of their own heads, time will tell.

"I have now put you in possession of knowledge, which, if you are a wise man, you will profit by; but if you are a fool, I have lost my labour. At all events, I have given you something to think of; and one who can get over the fatigue of using his understanding, will find that much thinking is well thinking. To-morrow I will give you a letter to an old friend of mine at El Masr, Ali Aga, a cousin of the Pacha's; and he, if it please God, will not fail to recommend you to the Viceroy."

The following day, Aslan fulfilled his pro-

mise; he counselled his protegé to beat no more Arabs, to wage no more wars with widows and their kinsmen; and giving our hero a substantial proof of his friendship, he pushed him gently out of doors.

CHAPTER IV.

I will give you twenty pounds to be converted.
SWIFT'S LETTERS TO POPE.

OUR hero embarked for El Masr aboard a Maash, or public passage-boat; two commodious chambers astern were reserved for some Frank passengers; a temporary place was fitted up before the cabin for Mourad and two other Moslems, one of whom was an Arab Sheik, the other a teacher of the law in the Medresseh of Barboukeh.

The Franks were four in number: a spiritual Quixote, who rejoiced in the name of Jeremiah Lamb; an elderly lady, who had the felicity to be called Mrs. Sarah Lamb; an officer in the service of the Pacha, who owned the patrician name of Smyth; and lastly, a Maltese, who

acted as dragoman to the party, and who was yclept Paulo.

Jeremiah was the son of a reputable tradesman, who in his dying moments bequeathed a blessing and a copy of the Scriptures to his son for his whole inheritance. Being a youth of a versatile turn of mind, he directed his attention to a variety of trades, and being unable to decide on the adoption of any one, he grew up to manhood without a calling. He had early some misgivings as to the profitable doctrines of his worthy father, and having deposited his remains in the tomb, he thought he had a right to search the Scriptures for himself. The same difficulties pursued him in the adoption of a sect, that he had to contend with in the choice of a profession. But as he had now some experience of the danger of indecision, he lost no time in embracing a new doctrine, which he unfortunately did with so much rashness, that he soon repented of his choice. Change followed change, with every new light which the last exposition of a difficult passage let in upon his mind; in short, in less than two years he tra-

velled through every sign in the religious Zodiac. He had been a Socinian, an Arminian, a Pelagian, an Antinomian, a New Light, and an Old Light, and he was now an Independent Ranter. Jeremiah aspired to the title of a labourer in the spiritual vineyard, but he scorned to qualify himself for the vintage by any preparatory study; and for the human ceremony of an ordination, as he called it, he professed a profound contempt.

The conversion of the heathen was a subject which had engrossed his serious attention for many years; and though he failed in his endeavours, for a considerable period, to persuade any of the communities who have that subject at heart, that he was peculiarly fitted for the mission, he was suffered to attend the meetings of some of their societies as an humble adjunct in the cause, and by one of them was ultimately employed on the foreign station.

Jeremiah was now on his way to the vineyard of El Masr, full of zeal, and overflowing with the spirit of universal philanthropy. During his stay in Alexandria, he had acquired some

knowledge of the Arabic language, and was already giving some ludicrous proofs of his proficiency to the Arab boatmen.

The outward man of Jeremiah was a lamentable epitome of humanity enough: his frame was feeble, his aspect unwholesome; he looked like a man who was ill in the flesh, and uncomfortable in the spirit. His customary suit of solemn black had apparently undergone no renovation for many lustrums, and the dimensions of his nether garments were so inordinate as to render the saving doctrines of Jeremiah somewhat questionable; but his tailor was probably a serious operative, and considered respect for the cloth to be in a ratio with the quantity of the material.

For a messenger of glad tidings to the heathen, Jeremiah was a man of a forlorn countenance. His complexion was that of a matured olive; his features harsh; and the space which nature intended for a forehead was marked by an inclined plane, extending from the crown of his head to the root of his nose: it was a head that Spurzheim might have taken for a Kafir's, had he found it on the coast of Guinea. Jere-

miah took a great deal of snuff, and he had a trick of interlarding his discourse with a deep-drawn sigh, "a windy suspiration of forced breath," between an eructation and a moan. He inveighed bitterly against those who paid any attention to their personal appearance. Dr. Kitchener had not written in his day; he was therefore ignorant that clean linen has much to do with a clear conscience: in short, Jeremiah was a filthy fanatic, but he was a good kind of man. He distributed three half-pence a-week to the poor, when he was at home, in front of his own door; he never sent away a beggar, who asked for bread, without giving him a tract. In his domestic as well as in his public capacity, he was irreproachable. No husband was ever truer to a faithful wife, and no man deserved more credit for his constancy. No lay preacher in London had a greater reputation for giving new readings of old texts, or for holding forth more triumphantly on the degradation of human nature; and as for the terrors of eternity, on that subject "he was quite precious." No Christian labourer declaimed more pathetically against the Pope, or described

in more figurative language the wickedness of the scarlet lady of Babylon.

Such was the gentleman who came sidling towards Mourad, as the rope was cast off which held the boat to the pier, and solicited the favour of a spiritual discussion.

Jeremiah's Arabic was not exactly the language of Yemen, but it was sufficiently intelligible to show that no small portion of the vulgarity of his own phraseology was transferred into the foreign idiom.

Our hero was not, at the moment he was addressed, in a mood for discussion on any subject. He examined the uncouth figure of Jeremiah from top to toe; and after puffing half-a-dozen whiffs of his pipe in the face of the Frangi, he turned his back on him, without deigning to give an answer. Jeremiah did not appear at all disconcerted: he was about renewing the attack, when the shrill voice of his lady summoned him to the cabin.

"The heathen is obstinate," said Mrs. Lamb, as Jeremiah entered with his customary sigh. "Leave him to me; I will soon find out if there be any hope of his conversion. Tell the Dra-

goman to invite him to the chamber, and during the conference, it is better you remain without."

Jeremiah was the most obedient of husbands. He left the cabin to execute the command which he dared not dispute.

His lady was of that "certain age" which is generally supposed to be on the wrong side of forty. Her person was gaunt and ungainly; her features rigid; and her complexion of that green and yellow lurid hue which enthusiasm is wont to wear. Of her religious opinions it would be difficult to give a description. The leading article of her creed was, justification by faith; and the foremost of her favourite doctrines was, that the Millennium was near at hand. For Jeremiah's understanding she had a thorough contempt, and a corresponding high opinion of her own.

When Mourad was informed that a lady desired to see him in the cabin, he felt not a little surprised. He imagined that he must have made a favourable impression on some tender-hearted infidel, and with this unfortunate impression he followed the dragoman to the cabin. All the romance of the idea was

destroyed the moment he had a glimpse of the fair one; but as the Turks are the politest people in the world, he concealed his disappointment, and seated himself, at the request of the lady.

"For the sake of Allah," said he to the Dragoman, "keep a good look-out, and let us not be surprised by her husband, for such I suppose he is whom I saw just now leaving the chamber."

Paulo's broad grin caught the attention of Mrs. Lamb. "What says the heathen," she demanded, "that provokes your mirth?"

"Oh, nothing, Ma'am," replied Paulo, "that means offence; the gentleman is only afraid your husband should catch him here."

"Wretch!" cried Mrs. Lamb, addressing the Maltese, "this is an impertinence of your own creation. Listen to my words, and render them faithfully to the poor infidel."

"Tell the unbeliever, that my duty obliges me to warn him of the perdition that awaits him, walking as he is like an unfortunate idolater in the valley of the shadow of death!

Tell him, with a loud voice, that he is a poor unenlightened pagan, living in the midst of Egyptian darkness, yea, truly, of darkness which may be felt! Tell him, the believer in an impostor is a fool; the husband of four wives, a horrible heathen, the worst of all pagans; and that he and his houries are destined for a place, where there is weeping and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, unless they hearken to my words."

The Dragoman interrupted the speaker, who was becoming every moment more animated. "Stop there," said he; "let me tell him about the darkenss and the houries before you go any farther." Paulo accordingly began, like an honest interpreter, to soften down as much as possible the hard words of truth; and having prefaced the communication with an assurance, that his master and mistress were both mad, he informed the astonished Turk of so much of the speech as he thought proper to interpret.

Mourad was at first inclined to be angry; but when he observed the half-suppressed smile on the roguish features of the Dragoman, con-

trasted as it was with the gravity of the lady's countenance, he could not help thinking the scene was rather amusing than otherwise.

"Dragoman," said our hero, in his gravest manner, "I desire you to thank your amiable mistress for her condescension, (may it never diminish!) and to assure the fair Sultana, that I perfectly understand her motive for wishing me to become a Christian, and that my only anxiety is to know if I have the happiness of addressing a lady whose affections are disengaged."

"For the soul of your father!" exclaimed the Dragoman, endeavouring to preserve his gravity, "do not speak after this manner; were I to repeat such words, I should get my head broken for my pains."

"Interpret my words truly," cried Mourad; "or, by the beard of the Prophet, I will bring you into trouble for tampering with the faith of a Mussulman!"

"What reply does the man give?" said Mrs. Lamb; "what has he to answer to the arguments of truth?"

"He has answer enough," cried Paulo impa-

tiently; "he threatens me with the Cadi, if I refuse to ask you if he be talking to a lady whose affections are disengaged."

"Insolent pagan!" cried Mrs. Lamb in a paroxysm of religious fury, "I abandon your salvation to the care of my husband; I renounce the devil and all his works:—miserable heathen! I fly from the pollution of your profane discourse." And with these words she flung out of the cabin.

Mourad would have followed, but that he wished to have his laugh out before he appeared on the deck. But before he had restored his features to their ordinary decorum, in walked Jeremiah, with a solemn step, and closing the door after him to prevent escape, he commenced the following consoling exhortation; turning up his eyes as he spoke, like a love-sick spinster in a swoon.

"Hell! my dear brother, is the birth-right of the heathen, the sure destination of all like you who walk in wilful wickedness. Therefore, the word of comfort is a seasonable word when received in seriousness of spirit. Alas! poor

benighted mortal, deprived of the truth, you follow the law of a vile impostor, even—"

"Stop," cried Mourad; "beware how you revile the name of the blessed Apostle; death or recantation is the consequence, and you cannot be ignorant of the ceremony previous to the latter"—(a groan was heard on the outside).

"Even I was about to say," continued Jeremiah, disregarding the interruption, "like the Moabites and Ammonites of old, adoring pagan idols. Ah! wretched infidel! renounce your idolatry ere it be too late; away with your sacrifices of goats and buyrams. I tell you, there is no to-morrow for a Christian, much less for a pagan Turk. Turn from your errors; remember your fall; and think continually of the iniquity of this vile world. You are a poor fallen creature; a miserable human being; a wretched sinner; a wicked mortal!"

"No, dog of an infidel," cried Mourad, unable to control his rage, "you and the offspring of your mother are base and wicked,—not I, nor one of my belief."

"Oh! horrible impiety!" exclaimed Jeremiah,

" he denies the fall!—he disbelieves in the iniquity of this abominable world—he has no knowledge of a future state! Ah! my unfortunate brother, turn your ear to the counsel of the wise, who rejoice in righteousness, and who work out their salvation in fear and trembling, and fly while you yet may from the judgment of the wrath to come. I have discharged my duty—I have spoken to your afflicted spirit the consoling words of truth—I have laboured to convert you—you are a poor degraded mortal, living in a wicked world, a hateful, sinful world, filled with scribes and pharisees, and publicans, licensed by Satan! that same Satan whose fiery gulf is prepared for those who slight the voice of truth and wisdom,—even my faint accents. Ah! my brother, my words are not the vain babblings of that corrupt and carnal ministry, whose bishops are clothed in purple and fine linen; of whom it is written, 'The leaders of my people have caused them to err.' Ah, verily, I am not like these; I am called on by the spirit, like Nathan and Amos, to 'reprove the people;' for, 'knowing the terror of the Lord,' I am fit to persuade men.

Ah! truly, it was not from the hands of men I sought an ordination, but from the voice of the Spirit I received the inward call. 'Not by the letter, but by the Spirit,' must a man be an apostle; not by a mitre and a sleeve of lawn, by pomp and pride, and by a pampered stomach, though it be covered by a silken apron. Ah! my friend, like these, your stall-fed muftis roll in riches, and feed on dainties, and say, like the prelates, 'we use these carnal things only as temporal lords;' but, let me ask, what is to become of the spiritual bishop, when the temporal lord is sent to the dominions of Lucifer? Oh! unhappy unbeliever! put your trust in the true pastor, who feeds not on the fat of the flock, and be sure to remember there is no justification but by faith. Hearken to the discourse of the shepherd, whose sides are not clothed with the fleece of the shorn lamb; and oh! be persuaded, that Shiloh is coming, and the joyful Millennium near at hand. Attend to the preacher who pins not his faith to the pope of the Lutherans, the Calvinists, or even of the Methodists, and 'conclude, therefore,' with the apostle, 'that a man is justified by faith with-

out the deeds of the law.' Give ear to the voice of the illiterate disciple, even to the voice of Jeremiah Lamb, which shall soon be heard in the howling wilderness, propounding to the heathen the universal saving doctrine; but oh! above all things, be sure that the day is not far off when the nations shall dance for joy on the summit of Mount Sion. Oh! what a sweet perfume in the nostrils of the saints is the heavenly song of justification by faith! how do the fragrant sounds of celestial joy descend to earth and refresh the souls of human mortals!—Oh! my unfortunate brother, should my words fail to make a soft impression on your hardened heart, should you dare to rely on your good intentions, and, what is still worse, on your good works, what a sad prospect is there for your soul! And, oh! can I ever ring too often the terrible alternative in your ears. Oh! Pagan, believe and tremble, or die like a heathen, and be drowned in lakes of burning brimstone:—A blessing," continued Jeremiah, concluding rather abruptly at the call of his wife, "which I sincerely wish you—Amen—Selah!"

Jeremiah's evangelical whine now relapsed into a colloquial tone, but sufficiently nasal to give the twang of seriousness to his discourse.

"My good friend," said he, "do you feel the spirit comforted by the saving doctrines I have just expounded?"

"Kitir Hawadge," cried our hero, with true Eastern politeness and Oriental irony, "very much indeed, Sir! I feel, as it were, refreshed by your words."

Jeremiah inwardly chuckled at his success. It never occurred to him that a Turk seldom gives himself the trouble to contradict what it is difficult to comprehend; a circumstance which has been a fruitful source of delusion to Eastern missionaries.

"You are certain," continued Jeremiah, "that you feel better in the inner man?"

"Much better, thank you," replied our hero, putting his hand on his stomach (he had just been eating an immature melon).

"Thank Heaven!" said the enraptured Jeremiah; picturing to himself the flaming account he should be able to send home to the astonished natives, of the conversion of the heathen;

" the word has been sown in a good soil; I rejoice to leave you impressed with the truth of the universal saving doctrine. But before I go, let me conjure you to remember the great debt you owe."

" I wish," cried Mourad, reading the soul of Jeremiah as he spoke, " that you would not talk of debts; it is a painful subject, and one that interferes with my spiritual reflections. You have reminded me I owe a cursed tailor three hundred piastres."

" Call not the tailor cursed!" exclaimed Jeremiah; " a serious tailor is more likely to be saved than a sumptuous bishop.—How much, friend," continued he in a cautious tone, " do you say you owe the tailor? Oh! three hundred piastres! it is a large sum; but could you not bury the consideration in oblivion while you are engaged about your soul?"

" No," replied Mourad; " it is impossible; the knave will not suffer me to forget it for a day; but I have one consolation—he will have to answer for my not profiting by your excellent counsel."

Jeremiah responded not; he closed his eyes,

he twirled his thumbs, he groaned inwardly; it was evident there was a conflict in his bosom between zeal and avarice: the man was warring with the missionary; the latter prevailed. "You shall be converted," exclaimed Jeremiah in a burst of theological enthusiasm: "only promise me faithfully to be saved, and I will pay the tailor. I must break the matter cautiously to Mrs. Lamb; but not to-day: our tempers have been a little ruffled by the receipt of a letter as we came on board, from a profligate brother of mine, who pesters me for money for the subsistence of himself and his starving brats, as if I had nothing to do with my substance but to squander it on the improvident beggar."

"Do you not mean," said Mourad, "to send your mother's son a few piastres to buy bread for his famished children?"

"Not a paras," replied the universal philanthropist. "The workhouse is open for all lazy beggars, and it becomes not a labourer in the vineyard to encourage idleness and profligacy."

"Discretion," said Mourad, "is always commendable. I am more than ever pleased with

your doctrines, knowing, as I now do, the virtues of the man who expounds them. At El Masr we shall have more leisure to discuss the important subject; but to-morrow, if it please God, I must have the three hundred piastres to set my mind at rest, and take off my attention from the things of this vile world."

"To-morrow," exclaimed Jeremiah, "you shall have the money, were I to sell the coat on my back. I feel my spirit transported into the heavens, witnessing the joy of the saints for the conversion of the heathen; I behold the cherubs and the seraphim flapping their wings over our heads; I hear the celestial choir singing joyful epithalamiums, to which let us respond in a loud voice, Amen, Selah!"

"Amen, Selah!" ejaculated Mourad, in perfect ignorance of the import of the words; and quitting the cabin, he found Mrs. Lamb stationed with the Dragoman at the door. "This day," exclaimed the lady in a triumphant voice, as our hero passed her, "we have rescued a soul from Satan!"

CHAPTER V.

There is one living and true God, without body, parts, or passions, of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness, the maker and preserver of all things visible and invisible.

FIRST ARTICLE OF THE VEDA.

THE following day Jeremiah, encouraged by his first success, buckled on the armour of controversy, and made a vigorous attack on the faith of the Arab Sheik. After haranguing the old man for two long hours on the errors of his creed, and the excellence of the doctrine of justification by faith, the Sheik put down his pipe and replied, like an ignorant Arab, to the unanswerable arguments of his opponent in these terms.

"Look you, Hamadgi, all that you have said is very good, if it be true; Allah knows all

things. If there be error in the law of Islam, He knew it before I was born; if what you have spoken about faith be comprehensible, He understands it, I do not; I only know that I am a Mussulman, and that my father was one before me. I believe our law is a good law, and I have instructed my child in its precepts; and had it not been written in the great book above, that I was to have acted as I have done, I might perhaps have acted otherwise. But what is, was written; and what is written, must happen. Therefore, Hamadgi, you see, it would he quite impossible for me to become an infidel, as you are pleased to recommend me; and I hope you will not be angry with me, as I have not pressed you against your destiny, to become a true believer."

Jeremiah was preparing to give a definitive kick to the flimsy arguments of the old Sheik, when the man of the law, who had listened for some time with much impatience to the discussion, turned on Jeremiah with unwarrantable acrimony, and addressed him in the following intemperate terms:—

"Whose dog of a giaour are you, who dare

to show the Kafir's tooth in the presence of a Moslem? Whose half-famished son of an infidel are you, who have the audacity to throw your filth on the faith of Islam?—Wallah al Nebi! by the Prophet I swear, this insolence shall be punished!—Moslems, gather round; here is a dog who has blasphemed the Apostle; arise, true believers, here is a Christian who has spoken against the law; throw the infidel overboard! away with the wine-drinker! down with the blasphemer!"

A terrible commotion ensued; the man of the law and half-a-dozen of the boatmen laid violent hands on the unfortunate Jeremiah; they swore he deserved death, and that drowning was but too gentle a punishment for his impiety.

Mourad was pretty much of the same opinion, but he had not yet received the three hundred piastres; he therefore took the part of the Christian, and assisted the old Sheik, the Franks, and the Reis of the boat, in rescuing the terrified Jeremiah from the hands of the Philistines.

The rage of the Arabs was easily appeased

by Paulo's promise of a becksheesh of half-a-dozen piastres; while the fury of the man of the law was moderated by the Sheik's representation of the vengeance that was sure to overtake the slayer of even a common Christian in the country of the Giaour Pacha.

Jeremiah made no more attempts on the heathen during the voyage. He and his amiable partner reviled in strong language the perverse Pagans, who had resisted the truth. They felt the indignation which the best-intentioned controversialists approve, against those who have the folly to refuse their good offices. They fell into the common, and perhaps natural error of hating those who oppose our honest endeavours to befriend them.

Fortunately for the indefatigable zeal of Jeremiah and his spouse, there was still an individual left for their spiritual solicitude. That happy individual was the gentleman with the classic name, Mr. John Smyth. He was any thing but serious, and the attempt to make him so seemed almost hopeless; yet the difficulty of the task carried a recommendation with it to the bosom of Mrs. Lamb. She was of Dr.

Johnson's opinion, that great enterprises are always laudable, even when above the strength that undertakes them. She had a few tracts left of a stock she brought from England, for distribution amongst the English sailors; these she presented to Mr. Smyth, with a request that he would peruse them at his leisure.

In the course of the evening he examined them one by one. The first was "A pot of precious ointment for the Sinner's eyes," than which Mr. Smyth thought nothing could be more desirable in Egypt. The second was "The history of Grace Goodly, the Dairyman's Daughter, and Tom Christian, the Farmer's Son."—"This," said he, "is evidently a rural love-tale; I must look into it." The next was "A Word in Season, by a serious Ploughman:" he threw it down; he had no taste for agricultural essays. The fourth was "The Last Moments of Miss Dinah Dobson, who forsook the follies of the World in her ninth year, and was cut off in the blossom of virtue in her sixteenth summer." "Poor creature!" said he, "I suppose she suffered innocently," The next was "The Miraculous Conversion of Captain Jones, who fre-

quented playhouses and kept bad Company, till he dreamed one night he saw Satan flying away with the playhouse and his associates, from which time he became serious, and avoided female company."—"I would lay a wager," cried he, "the Captain was on half-pay."—The last was "The New Light of Knowledge, or a Beacon for the Blind;" a work which he thought was more likely to be serviceable to those who had their sight.

Jeremiah was stationed at the door of the cabin, watching the effect of the tracts on the peruser. It was a propitious moment for a discussion, and Jeremiah took advantage of it to inveigh against the obduracy of Turkish fanatics: a side-wind exordium, which was meant to be the forerunner of a right-aft lecture on the obstinate opinions of Mr. Smyth. The latter understood the drift of the observation, and he resolved to escape the forthcoming harangue, by making some remarks which were likely to turn the conversation into another channel.

"Fanaticism, Mr. Lamb, I fear, is not confined to Turkish countries," said Smyth, "though superstition may predominate in them.

The former, as you are aware, is the misapplication of religious zeal; the latter, the misconstruction of religion itself. The votaries of both are dangerous to society in different degrees, the infatuation of the fanatic doing much more mischief than the delusion of the superstitious man, who is a sort of religious invalid; whereas the fanatic is a disease in himself;—he is an embossed carbuncle on the surface of religion, and the feebler the powers, the more exuberant the excrescence.

"In our country there is no dearth, you must confess, of fanaticism: civilization has only given it a different turn to that which it commonly takes in Turkey. Our lunatic asylums are filled with the victims to this species of enthusiasm; the commonest hallucination found there is religious madness.

"But with us, the lower classes, and no small majority of females, are the subjects of this insanity, while the very reverse is the case in Turkey; the middle and the educated classes of society who can read their Koran, and comprehend the obligation of exterminating the

unbelievers, are the fanatics. It is only the pious Hadgi, who is generally a man of substance, who can afford to make a pilgrimage, which he commences at Medina, by supplicating the Deity to 'destroy the enemies of Islam, and make the torments of hell-fire their lot.' As to the women, they are not enjoined even the outward ceremonies of the law; and if they abhor a Christian, it is more for the fashion of his garments, than the nature of his creed.

"Now, our fanatics, for the most part, are elderly ladies in a state of single blessedness, and melancholy mechanics of atrabilious aspects.—I am sure, Mr. Lamb, I never set my eyes on a male fanatic of wholesome looks, nor on a female one of any personal attractions. In all of them there is organic derangement of one kind or another.

"If you see a consumptive tailor, a dyspeptic cobbler, or a sedentary sempstress, approach you, look to your faith, you are in danger of a fanatic. These people have no mercy on a man who looks happier or healthier than themselves;

it is their vocation to secure his soul, by unsettling his belief, whatever it may be, and, like zealots, they accordingly pounce on their victims, mistaking the vapours of hypochondriasm for the suggestions of the Spirit.

"If the reputed fanatic you encounter have a rosy cheek and an expanded forehead, be doubly on your guard, for you are then in peril of the fangs of a hypocrite, from which Heaven preserve all my tribe! If the fanatic be sincere, he must be sickly; and being so, if you wish to reclaim him, restore his health; attempt not to reason with him;—send for a physician; a peristaltic persuader will do more for him than all your logic.

"And, before I conclude, you will suffer me to remark, that the essential difference in the fanaticism of Turks and Christians is in this particular. The Turk belongs to a creed whose doctrines admit neither of doubt nor disputation; he is in no danger of wavering in his faith, for he has no newfangled readings of difficult passages to perplex him. Whenever he is called to his last account, no matter what

have been his crimes, he is ultimately sure of Heaven; every son of Islam is born to salvation, and the utmost punishment he can endure is seven thousand years of torment.

"These two material points—the certainty of salvation, and the prohibition against disputation and discussion on theological topics—render Mahometans so happy in their fanaticism, that religious melancholy is unknown, and insanity of very rare occurrence.

"But our fanatics order the matter much worse: they are eternally disquieted by conflicting expositions; they have qualms and scruples on every subject; and, at the very moment their breasts are torn with doubts, their greatest anxiety is to shake others in their belief.

"It is one of the anomalies of their sect that, while they profess to let all men search the Scriptures, and to interpret them according to their pleasure, they still abjure him as an atheist, and an unbeliever, who differs from them even in the letter. One would think Locke intended to describe them in his characteristics of wrong

reasoners. 'Error and truth are uncertainly blended in their minds; their decisions are lame and defective, and they are very often mistaken in their judgments; the reason whereof is, they converse with but one set of men—they read but one sort of books—they will not come within the hearing of but one sort of notions; the truth is, they canton out to themselves a little Goshen in the intellectual world, where light shines, and, as they conclude, day blesses them; but the rest of the vast expansion they give up to night and darkness, and so avoid coming near it.'

"I had a great deal more to say on the subject, but I see, Mr. Lamb, you are perfectly convinced of the truth of my observations; therefore it would be useless to say more on the subject."

Jeremiah lifted his two hands above his head, and then turning up his eyes, he exclaimed, in a solemn tone; "Oh! Adonai, bare thy right-arm and smite the scoffer of thy people."

Tossing about his arms, and moaning

loudly, he fled from the presence of Mr. Smyth, and flung himself precipitately into his cabin.

Next morning the pyramids of Ghiza were in sight, and before noon the passengers were landed at Boulac, the port of Cairo.

CHAPTER VI.

If chance will have me king, why chance may crown me without my stir.

MACBETH.

THE evening of his arrival at El Masr, our hero proceeded to the house of Ali Aga with his letter of recommendation. As he endeavoured to force his way through the narrow lanes of Cairo "the Grand," at every second step some great man, with his numerous *cortège*, blocked up the avenue; and now and then a Mameluke chief, on his richly-caparisoned steed, rode on through the crowd, threatening the lives of the foot-passengers who were unlucky enough to obstruct the path; the Seys, or the running-footman of the proud cavalier, who preceded his master, crying out, "Reglic! reglic!—take care

of your legs!" while his long stick fell on the heads of the people on either side. Mourad was standing at the corner of a bazaar, wondering at the insolence of the haughty soldiers and their slaves, when he received a stripe on the face from the courbash of a passing horseman. "Dog of a Mameluke!" cried Mourad, boiling with rage, "that blow should be your last, were it not for the multitude of menials which encompass you. But let me never sleep under the shadow of the Apostle's tent, if I forget the insult, or fail to avenge it."

The Mameluke and his followers were already out of sight, but his name was still in the mouths of the rabble, and a thousand "Wallah el Nebis" proclaimed the generosity and valour of Osman Bey.

"Were he generous," said Mourad, "as Hatem Tai, valorous as Rustam, I may live to pull down the pride of his house, one day or other."

"You would not kill the Bey, surely?" said an elderly man, with Turkish features, but so closely muffled up in an Arab cloak that his person was totally concealed. His face was vulgar

but there was an expression of irony about his mouth, a world of activity in his small bright eye, and a general manifestation of benignity in his countenance, which was only rendered equivocal by the peculiarity of his smile. He was rather under the middle size, and so far as Mourad could judge of his person, it appeared to be vigorous, if not corpulent.

"Not kill him!" cried our hero; "and why not, I pray you, if he raise his filthy hand against my head? Am I not an Osmanli? Is he who struck me, without provocation, my Sultan? Allah Wakbar! were the Kafir the brother of Bardissy, and had the thousand hearts of Elfi's house in his bosom, I would tear his soul out for the indignity I have suffered!"

The man in the cloak smiled at the warmth of our hero; his little grey eye twinkled in its orb. He had been standing motionless while Mourad spoke; he was now shifting his posture incessantly; now resting on one leg, then on another: it seemed as if he could not remain still for an instant.

"What! kill a Bey for a little blow!" he rejoined; "slay a Mameluke for a lash of a whip! lift your hand against the beard of the lord of the universe, for conferring the honour of a stripe on your cheek! Wallah! my young Effendi, you must learn to be humble, when you are permitted to walk in the same street which a Bey of El Masr deigns to ride through, and to account yourself fortunate to be trampled under the feet of his war-horse."

"A Bey of El Masr," replied Mourad; "a dog who draws the breath of life on the sufferance of his enemy, trample on a free-born Moslem! Your words have no flavour of wisdom; a man of your beard ought to know better."

"Ah! but these Beys, my young man," said the stranger, "are not to be lightly spoken of; you surely must know they are the princes of the land."

"I thought," replied Mourad, "Mohamed Ali was the prince of the land, and if he be not, he is a fool."

"Not exactly a fool," rejoined the stranger,

"nor altogether a knave; but an ill-served prince, whose soldiers have eaten up the country, and are become too fat to fight for him."

"Allah Illah!" exclaimed Mourad; "if I were Mohamed Ali, I would send every dog of them into the Desert, to fight the wild Arabs; and had I no other troops, I would put my Etchi-bashi, even my chief cook, at the head of my scullions, and send the menials to make mince-meat of these Mamelukes in their own houses."

"Not in their houses," replied the stranger; "it would be a breach of hospitality: would it not be better to make kibabs of their livers in your own dwelling? But unfortunately for the people, you are not the Viceroy; and unfortunately for the Viceroy, you are not his servant. Had he five hundred men of your way of thinking, he might bowstring all his Delhis, and massacre every Mameluke in the country. You have called Mohamed Ali a fool; perhaps you do not know him; he might prove to you his wisdom, if you sought employment in his service. I would wager my grey beard against the down on your upper lip, that the

Pacha would make you his officer, were you to present yourself before him."

"Not he!" said our hero. "I am not courtier enough to make my way to his favour; and were I to win it, it would soon be lost."

"You had better make the trial, however," replied the stranger. "The divan of the Pacha is open to all men, from the insolent Bey down to the submissive beggar."

With this observation the speaker took leave of our hero. The latter proceeded to the house of Ali Aga, a magnificent mansion in the square of Ezbekia, which had formerly belonged to Elfi Bey. Mourad made his way through a host of ill-mannered grooms, who jostled and elbowed him as he passed by without much ceremony. One fellow said his master was in the harem; another, that he was at prayer; a third, that he was out; a fourth gave a contemptuous glance at his apparel, and made no reply at all. "I see how it is," said Mourad; "the slaves must be paid for the interview with their lord.—Here, my good friends," said he, "is something to buy coffee. Let me see the Aga as soon as possible."

"Are you seeking the protection of the Aga?" said a disfigured negro; "because, if you are, you must remember that all public favour flows from the fountain of the private chamber. The wife of the Aga will expect a present befitting her rank, and the importance of your demand. If you look for an office of any emolument, you cannot offer less than a Cachemere shawl, of a purse at least, or half-a-dozen pieces of Damascene silk, of two hundred piastres apiece. She has taken less, it is true, from poor wretches who had no substance, but an Effendi of your appearance must do the thing generously, or not at all."

"To-morrow," cried Mourad with a groan, "I will provide a present for the harem; in the mean time, accept some paras for sherbet, for the trouble you have had in enlightening my mind on this important subject."

The servants were now all courtesy and politeness, vying with each other in civility as they ushered him into the divan, where the master of the house was seated, surrounded by various supplicants. Having divested himself of his shoes, and modestly pulled the sleeves of

his anteree over the tips of his fingers, he took his station in the crowd, fixing his eyes on the ground, and letting all the suitors precede him in obtaining a hearing. But with all his modesty, he had so placed himself as to be within the view of the Aga, and he was fortunate enough not to escape observation. After scanning the submissive figure of the stranger for some minutes, the old man bade him approach and tell his business.

Mourad stepped forward, and pulling out his letter, he bent his head respectfully to the ground, kissed the hem of the Aga's garment, and placed the epistle in his hand. He then stepped a little way backward, while a malim, or secretary, proceeded to read the letter aloud before all the assembly.

"'Tis well," said the Aga; "Aslan and I are old friends. He says you are an eater of gunpowder; one who loves fighting better than a pilau; is it so?"

"It is as your Excellency desires it to be," replied Mourad, still not presuming to look the Aga in the face.

"Rustam," replied Ali, "was a man of va-

lour, but not of discretion; it seems you are both. A soft tongue is seldom the companion of a strong hand, but when it is, so rare a union deserves to be noticed and rewarded. To-morrow, Inshallah! I will take you to the citadel, and say a good word for you to the Pacha: be here before noon."

Mourad, as he attempted to repeat his salutation of the great man's robe, was condescendingly repulsed; he backed out of the room, with his face to the Aga, till he reached the door where he had deposited his new papoushes, into which it was written he was never again to poke his feet. He had the good sense to make no inquiry for them, but stepped into the best pair that remained.

His polite friend the negro again took the trouble to remind him of the present for the harem. "It must be even larger than I told you," said he; "for no man has ever been received by the Aga as you have been. Your fortune is made, but forget not the Sultana. Your head is now in the clouds, but the least touch of my mistress's foot is sufficient to trip up your heels."

" Heaven preserve me from the disfavour of even the little toe of your Sultana!" cried Mourad, as he crossed the threshold, and returned to the khan where he had taken up his abode.

CHAPTER VII.

A prince, a woman, and a creeping plant cling round whatever stands nearest to their side.

VISHNUSARMAN.

NEXT morning our hero equipped himself in a new suit of clothes, divested of all embroidery; stuck a plain-handled brace of pistols in his girdle; slung a sword over his shoulder, whose blade was a true Damascus, the haft of the finest-polished bone of the Gamous el Bahr, notwithstanding the scabbard was covered with dingy leather, which looked as if it had been cut out of the hide of the dun camel of Aad. The studied plainness of his attire was, however, strangely contrasted with the fineness of his turban, which was made of a Cachemere

shawl of considerable value. "I know nothing," said he, "of the soul of the Pacha," as he looked into his mirror, "if the simple fashion of my garments do not prepossess him in my favour, while my turban will show him that it is not from poverty I wear plain apparel."

He found the Aga in readiness to proceed to the citadel. As they went along, the old man gave him a great deal of good counsel for his future guidance. "Mohamed Ali," said he, "is a good friend, but a bitter enemy; a generous master, and therefore a grasping governor; the best-humoured of men, but at the same time the most ill-tempered; never cruel but where it would be criminal to show kindness. He sometimes forgives injuries, but never forgets favours. He promotes poor men to high offices; he removes them when they grow rich: they have the odium of extorting the substance of the fellah in paras—he reaps the fruit of the robbery in piastres. If the fools are taken off, what else can they expect? Is not the Prince the tree of the state? Are not the people the root which supplies the trunk with life and

strength? and are not the branches the petty officers, whose exuberance exhausts the sap, and therefore need to be lopped off, from time to time."

Mourad did not altogether see the necessity for the latter operation, but they were already within the walls of the palace, the halls of which were filled with Albanian soldiers, rudely and variously attired; the ministers and chief officers in glittering apparel; the Bedouins of the Desert, in their Arab blankets, parading contemptuously the painted chambers, with their matchlocks slung over their shoulder; the fierce-looking Delhis of Syria, swaggering among the crowd; the Levantine sycophants of his Highness, cringing about the persons of the two Christian dragomen, endeavouring to dispose them favourably in their regard; the hat-wearing merchants of Franguestan, surrounding the interpreters, and offering bribes for their favourable word with the royal seller of beans and barley; the gorgeously-dressed young Mamelukes of the court; and the squalid beggars, in their rags, all jumbled together, without distinction of rank.

At length our hero and the Aga were ushered into the presence of the Viceroy. The moment Mourad set eyes on the illustrious person who sat before him, surrounded by a thousand crouching slaves and soldiers, he shuddered as if an apparition from the grave had met his glance.

He stole another look at his features. "By the soul of my father," said he, "I am utterly ruined! it is the very man in the Arab cloak whom I abused for taking the part of the Beys, calling even the Pacha himself a fool in my madness; and, oh! beard of the Prophet, here is the very man on the throne of El Masr."

Ali in the mean time had salaamed his Highness, and was mentioning to him the good qualities of a young Moslem who sought his service.

"Ah," said the Pacha, "I suppose he is like the rest of them, come to eat my bread and grumble for his pay, and pillage the villages when there is no more money in the haznah. Let him approach."

The soldiers retired to let the stranger advance, but, to the astonishment of all, and the especial shame of his introducer, instead of advancing to the foot of the divan to pay homage

to the Prince, he stood stock still, steeped to the very eyes in confusion.

Mohamed Ali recognized at once the spirited young Moslem he had met in the bazaar, where he took his daily round in disguise, as he was in the habit of doing. The Pacha enjoyed his confusion; his eyes sparkled with pleasure as he surveyed the downcast features of the fiery-headed youngster, who a few hours ago was ready to eat all the Beys of Egypt without a grain of salt.

Ali Aga observed the eye of the Viceroy twinkling, as he believed, with anger at the awkwardness of his protegé. "May it please your Highness," cried he, "to make some allowance for the excessive modesty of the young man. He has never been at Court before, and the magnificence and splendour of your presence have dazzled his astonished senses."

"Hush, man," said the Pacha; "never tell me of his excessive modesty! I, who never beheld him before, know better. That broad forehead, those elevated cheeks, and that curved cimeter of a nose of his, were never given to a

man who was ashamed to speak, or afraid to fight."

A buzz of acclamation ran round the saloon. His Highness had said a good thing, and every fellow present found himself called upon to ejaculate a Callam kebir, a Wallah thaib, a Mash-allah, or a Wallah el Nebi,—it is a great word, well said, by Allah! How wonderful is God, O Allah, and the Apostle!

"Guehl Pessavink," continued the Viceroy, in a familiar tone of voice, (one of the Pacha's expressions of endearment,) "come near me, you rascal, and let these knaves see your face. If they don't find the lineaments of a brave man there, there is no truth in men's looks—or they know nothing of physiognomy. Some of you, perhaps, have seen him before, and are acquainted with his spirit; but I, who never set eyes on him ere this blessed hour, know every corner of his heart as well as if I had it in my hand, (Mourad felt an involuntary palpitation;) speak, young man; did I ever behold you before this hour?"

"Never, may it please your Highness!" replied our hero, in a clear, loud voice, as he

advanced a step forward, and bowing to the ground, touched the floor with the back of his fingers, then carried them to his mouth, and then to the crown of his head.

"You are my Chiaous," said Mohamed Ali, "my chief messenger; take that purse to buy yourself the long stick of your office.—Ruah reigle," continued the Pacha, using the only two words of Arabic he knew, "away with you, man! return at the asser, I shall have business for you after the evening prayer."

Mourad went away, in the words of the multitude, a made man. Here was greatness thrust upon him without the trouble of petitioning for it; he was therefore born to greatness, and he accordingly elbowed the crowd as he passed along with all the dignified insolence of a man who was justly proud of his birth-right.

His first step was to procure an abode, suitable to his high station, in the vicinity of the citadel; his next care was to send the becksheesh he had promised to the wife of his patron Ali Aga. At the appointed hour he returned to the palace, where he was received by all with the smiles which are ever accorded to the latest

favourite of a prince. The Pacha had not yet come out of the harem after his siesta, but the instant the Muezzin announced the hour of evening prayer, he made his appearance, and beckoning Mourad to follow him, he proceeded to a little kiosk in a garden, formed on one of the spacious terraces of the building. The attendant who carried the chibouque was dismissed, and Mourad was left alone with the Viceroy.

"I have given you a proof of my friendship this morning," said the Pacha, "it rests with yourself whether you would have a farther and a better token of my generosity; that is to say, whether you mean to deserve it. Imagine the man in the Arab cloak is still speaking to you, and tell me your mind freely on the subject I am about mentioning to you.

"That son of a slave who struck you in the street like a dog, is of course hateful to your heart; so is he and all his race to mine. Not one blow have they struck at my house, but five thousand; not one injury have I to resent, but a million. Even now they are plotting against my peace, even in my own capital. The day is come when Mohamed Ali, or

the Mamelukes, must reign alone in El Masr. The means are to be thought of: I have tried open warfare and stratagem, without success; secret measures must now be resorted to. Look you, young man, I think you are worthy of confidence, therefore have I conferred with you on a subject which no other ear has heard discussed. My only counsellor heretofore has been my heart, and therefore have I seldom been deceived: in one brief word, I would have the Beys disposed of; not exactly murdered in their own dwellings as you suggested—the rabble would cry shame in the very act of pillaging their houses. Neither would I have them dispatched in the street by night—the Frangis would call me an assassin."

"Would your Highness have them slain in your own house, then?" said Mourad.

"You have said it," replied the Pacha; "I would have every Mameluke of them massacred in the citadel."

Mourad's blood ran cold; the blow he had received was almost forgotten; he felt nothing but horror at the prospect of being involved in a business at which his soul shuddered. But

he had too much respect for his head to manifest any repugnance to the deed.

"Why don't you speak?" said the Pacha; "you are thinking, I perceive; I would fain know of what."

"Yes, if it please your Highness. I was thinking," replied our hero, "how difficult it would be to get the wily knaves into the trap, unless indeed you gave them a banquet, and then the physician might assist the cook."

"I have thought of that," replied the Pacha, "but the number is too great: one might get rid of half-a-dozen enemies at a banquet easily enough; but five or six hundred would be too many to poison at one feast. The difficulty, as you say, is to get the traitors within the citadel; that difficulty you must surmount; for every Mameluke you bring within these walls, the defterdar shall count you down an ounce of gold. Ali Aga will furnish you with the means of becoming acquainted with the principal chiefs; steal into their bosoms, inform them of the festivities forthcoming at the citadel on the occasion of my son Toussoun Pacha taking the command of the army against the Waha-

bees, and being invested with the pelisse of dignity. Inform them fully of the grandeur of the ceremony; dwell much on the finely-embroidered dresses, and richly-caparisoned steeds of my followers, who are to be present on the occasion; hint at their eclipsing the Beys themselves in magnificence, and finally, invite them to assist, in full costume, at the ceremony. In the mean time, to prevent suspicion, I intend making a journey to Sues on pretence of seeing the stores embarked for the Hedjaz, which must precede the army. When you are entirely successful in your mission, as, Inshallah! you shall be, lose not a moment in sending me a courier with the intelligence. Remember my happiness and your fortune depend on the result. I have many preparations yet to make for my departure at the dawn—it is time you leave me, but before you do, remember, a prince's secret is like the seal of death on the silent sepulchre, — never to be broken."

CHAPTER VIII.

It is the curse of kings to be attended
By slaves that take their humour for a warrant
To break within the bloody house of life,
And, on the winking of authority,
To understand a law.

KING JOHN.

"WHY should I feel so much reluctance," said our hero, as he reflected on his conversation with the Pacha, "at embarking in a business which, if I do not undertake, some other person will? True it is, these Beys are not my enemies, and, with a solitary exception, have done me no wrong. I have not offered my services to the Pacha for the purposes of private murder; my desire was to be employed in the face of the world, in the open field, even where death, the mother of vultures, hovers over the heads of the combatants. A fortuitous circum-

stance has thrown me in the way of the Viceroy, the very moment he is plotting murder, and in need of an accomplice. In a moment of rage, I make use of language which is interpreted into the deliberate expression of perfidy; and before I have leisure to recover from my surprise, the perpetration of the treachery is assigned to my hand, and so far from lifting my voice against the business, I find myself involuntarily suggesting the plan. Allah! Illah! the madman in the boat was in the right to talk about the wickedness of the world, and the degradation of human nature. Proceed I must, even against my will; fate will have it so, and who can oppose his destiny? Besides, these Beys have been the oppressors of the country; they are the mortal enemies of the Viceroy, who is now my master; one of them is my enemy. Thank Heaven! I have one honest motive for becoming a traitor."

In this way, Mourad sought to quiet the still small voice within, and to persuade himself that as a loyal subject who had the interest of his master at heart, and as a man of honour who had received an unpardonable insult, he had no

right to let remorse or pity interfere with the duty he owed to his sovereign and himself. He soon became acquainted with the Beys; he found them the people in the world the most open to perfidy; a brave, unsuspicious noble-minded race, generous to excess, and magnificent to a fault in the fashion of their clothes and the furniture of their houses; but divided amongst themselves into as many factions as there were chiefs, the followers of Bardissy, the sworn foes of those of Elfi and the descendants of Ibrahim, the implacable enemies of the house of Osman. They were bound together by no common bond of brotherhood; the only common feeling that preserved to them the name of a distinct people, was the *esprit du corps* which pride still kept up amongst them. Mourad had sufficient address to ingratiate himself into the favour of the principal chiefs, and more especially into that of Osman Bey, the Mameluke who had struck him in the bazaar.

When his intimacy was sufficient to procure him the confidence of his victims, he spread abroad the news of the approaching festivities at the citadel, and at length published the invi-

tation of his Highness to the chiefs, to assist with all their followers in full costume at the ceremony. With many, the opportunity of showing off their glittering garments and prancing steeds was a sufficiently strong motive to induce them to attend; others were influenced, in accepting the invitation, by the hope of a thorough reconciliation with the Viceroy; but the greater number distrusted his intentions, and expressed their determination not to attend the ceremony. To gain these over, was now the business of perfidy: no effort was left untried to allay suspicion; no oath was left unsworn to dupe credulity with every Turkish protestation of regard. Smooth-faced perfidy and smiling treachery were not idle; the wily Chiaous was late and early at his work; indefatigable in deceit, he threw himself in the path of his victims day after day, and hour after hour, referring as if by accident to the coming festival, and describing in glowing terms the magnitude of the preparations, and the unequalled splendour of the presents to be distributed amongst the guests.

The presents were weighty arguments with

the Beys; the youth and frankness of the Chiaous inspired them with confidence; they conferred together on the propriety of attending the feast; it was decided it would be to insult the Viceroy to refuse the invitation—they signified their intention to the young Chiaous to accept it. That night, Mourad dispatched a courier, on the fleetest dromedary of Birket el Hadgi, to the Viceroy, with a letter, divested of all customary forms of compliment—these were the terms:—

"MOURAD, the Chiaous, the slave of the Viceroy of El Masr, sends these words to his master: The guests are invited to the feast; and if to have secured the attendance of all of them be to make the host entirely content, his Highness has cause to be happy."

"He writes well," said Mohamed Ali, perusing the laconic epistle; "a fool would have kept me in suspense through two whole sheets of paper. This fellow is a valuable servant, he deserves to be advanced."

The stores and the flotilla were soon aban-

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doned; the Pacha mounted his dromedary, and with a single Arab running by his side, he returned to El Masr, performing a journey across the Desert in sixteen hours, which commonly occupies from three to four days. Mourad was the first person admitted to his presence; he rewarded his zeal with many flattering encomiums; fixed the day for the ceremony; gave him the command of a troop, with the title of Bynbashi, and dismissed him with the command to look well to his soldiers, to see that their arms were in good order, and their cartouches provided with twenty rounds a man of ball-cartridges.

The head of the young Bynbashi was almost turned with joy at his sudden elevation: when he appeared at the citadel in the splendid uniform of his new rank, many a jealous eye was fixed on him, and they who envied his good fortune most were loudest in their congratulations, and earliest in the expressions of their admiration of his gorgeous garments. His soldiers, who hated him in their hearts because he was not an Albanian, kissed a hand they would have willingly cut off; even the Ministers conde-

scended to pay visits of ceremony to the young soldier of fortune, and to vie with each other in seeking to secure the favour of the favourite. Mourad behaved to all with the haughtiness which became his dignity; but with all the pride of prosperity, he forgot not the humble bearing which becomes the slave in the presence of his master. He had read, in some old book of Arab ethics, that familiarity with the great is the rock on which humble merit splits; and that it never becomes the inferior, no matter how intimate he may be with a noble patron, to put condescension so far to the proof as to call the son of Kaled, brother.

Mourad now had daily interviews with the Pacha; the greater part of the night preceding the festivities he remained with his Highness. At the dawn, he was again at the palace; he found Mohamed Ali in the same chamber in which he had left him, parading up and down, with his hands behind his back; he looked pale, and his dress was disordered—it was evident he had not been to bed. "Is every thing in readiness?" said he, addressing our hero, in a low voice; "are you sure they will come, all of them come?

You are certain of the Boabs who guard the gates—there will be no bungling—no half murders—no defection to be feared in the Delhis? Be sure you see my dromedary saddled, and in readiness without the walls, in the event of a failure. Look to it, young man!"

"On my head be the accomplishment of all your wishes, Effendi," cried our hero; "it is the cause of peace and justice we are embarked in, and the Prophet is on our side; and, with the shadow of his favour on our swords, if it please Allah, we shall not fail."

"Were we going to try the issue of that cause," replied Mohamed Ali, "by another mode of decision, I would not doubt success by the favour of the Prophet or without it."

Mourad very kindly stepped between the Pacha and his conscience, "May it please your Highness," said he, "to spare the effusion of his subjects' blood, (the Viceroy stared,) is the business, or at least it ought to be, of every good prince. By the measure you are now adopting, you are rescuing the haznahs and the harems of your people from the ravages of an

insolent band of slaves, whose dynasty has been a curse to the country, and is more hateful to the Apostle than that of the founder of the Shiahs. You are avoiding, as I said before, the effusion of your people's blood, by adopting a measure which will obviate the necessity of future wars. Is this a trifling good, a vain consideration? or is Tarafa a fool, who calls War a fiend, whose flame being once kindled in the country, she rages and blazes forth, and grinds the face of the people, as the mill grinds the corn with its lower stone? and pregnant with mischief, becomes the mother of famine and distress, full-grown monsters, and each deformed as the unsightly camel of Aad."

"There is wisdom in your words," cried Mohamed Ali, thrusting his hand into his bosom, and pulling forth a purse. "There, my young Locman," continued he, "had you propounded ten thousand moral maxims, like those of the wise man, you could not have spoken better. Take the purse, man."

Mourad kissed the coarse large hand that presented it with more fervour than ever lover

saluted the tapering fingers of his mistress, glowing at the tips like the crimson worm of Dahia.

"Now, in the name of Allah," said the Viceroy, "go and make the necessary dispositions, distribute ten purses among the soldiers, and promise as many more if I have reason to be satisfied with their conduct. Acquaint them not with the service I require—keep you about my person, and, at the proper time, you will see me put my finger to my throat; separate, if possible, the few French Mamelukes who are in the service of the Beys from their masters; they are sick of their service, and are favourably disposed towards me. I would have the infidels saved. Keep to the walls, and when the Kafirs are in the narrowest passages, then give the word, and twice let it be repeated, 'vras, vras!' (kill, kill!)"

Mourad was dismissed, the great guns of the citadel were already announcing the arrival of the day of joy, and in another hour the gates of the palace were thrown open to the visitors.

The 1st of March, 1811, one of the most

successful acts of perfidy ever attempted, even in Turkey, was performed by Mohamed Ali, the satrap of Modern Egypt. The Mamelukes ascended the citadel; Chakyn Bey, at the head of his house, was the first to dismount at the door of the palace. Osman, Ibrahim, Mazzouk, and all the other chiefs appeared in succession, with their numerous followers, splendidly attired. Never was there a nobler cavalcade beheld than that which was now seen from the windows of the palace winding slowly along the steep avenues of the citadel; their bright swords glittering in the sun, their embroidered garments radiant with gold and silver, and the gorgeous accoutrements of their Arab steeds dazzling the eyes of the spectators. It was a glorious spectacle to all, except to those who had the present before their eyes in the same vista with the future. The Pacha condescended to rise at the entrance of the Beys; and when the principal guests were seated, he placed his hand on his left breast and salaamed them all round.

"May the peace of God be on you!" (were his words); "you are welcome to my house;

this is truly a day of happiness; I have no more enemies in the world; all my dear friends are about me; they love me, I am now assured; Allah be their recompense! they are my dutiful children, my affectionate brothers, my excellent friends, praised be the Apostle!"

The Beys said they had lived to see a blessed day, a day of peace and reconciliation. They thanked God for having an opportunity of paying homage to their Prince; and they desired no greater honour than to bask in the sunshine of his favour, and no higher pleasure than to walk in the shadow of his glory.

There was no end to their protestations of love and loyalty. The Pacha, on the other hand, was not to be outdone in courtesy. He played "the most kind host" to perfection. He assured them generally they might count on his protection; he spoke to them individually about their affairs and families: nothing could exceed his affability. To Chakyn Bey he spoke of his skill in lancing the jereed. He talked to Osman Bey of his dexterity in wielding the sword; of his cutting a helmet through and through with a single stroke. To Ibrahim's

mind he recalled the days of his youth; how he stuck on the back of his spirited steed, as if the horse and the rider were one. He made the tears come in the old man's eyes when he spoke of his bright bay steed, from whose shining back, in the words of the poet, the trappings slid, as the dew-drops glide down the sides of slippery marble: a horse ready in turning, quick in pursuing, bold in advancing, firm in backing, and performing every evolution with the strength of a rock, and the swiftness of a mountain torrent. How he trotted like a wolf, and galloped like a fox, with the loins of an antelope, and the thighs of an ostrich; and then he went on to describe his full and flowing mane, and the blood of the swift game which mantled in his neck, like the crimson juice of henna on a light brown hand.

The refreshments were handed round. Some of the Beys kept sipping the coffee, without daring to swallow it. Mohamed Ali observed their suspicions, but he affected not to notice them. Toussoun, the son of the Pacha, was now presented to the company,—a beautiful youth, about sixteen years of age; a fine frank-

faced boy, the very reverse in disposition, as well as in appearance, of his scowling brother Ibrahim. Every one admired the manly open features of the little hero, who at so early an age was entrusted with the command of an army of eight thousand men. The ceremony was now performed of investing him with the pelisse of Pacha, and reading the firman.

This being done, the guests rose to depart. The public square in the town was to be the place of the sports of the jereed, and the luti, or wrestling. The Pacha stood up as they retired, the highest honour it was possible to confer on inferiors. He smiled and smiled over again as one departed after another; but murder was busy with his heart, and all the blood of his veins seemed to have collected and curdled there, for his lips and cheek were pale as ashes.

The visit was finished. Mourad performed the office of master of the ceremonies; he assigned to each the order of his departure. A corps of Delhis opened the march, under Ouzam Ali; then came the Janissary Aga with the Adaklys and Yoldaches; and then followed the

guests. Whilst they were mounting their horses, Mourad dispatched his soldiers to the different gates to see that they were shut, and kept so till farther orders should be given.

The Mamelukes were now mounted on their high-couraged horses, prancing and curvetting as they returned by the same avenue by which they came. They proceeded through the path leading to the square of Roumelia, and when they came to that narrow part where the road is cut in the solid rock, and where more than two or three cannot pass abreast, Mourad appeared on the walls above, crying with a voice of thunder to the soldiers around him, "Kill! kill!" Instantly a discharge of musketry was poured on the astonished Mamelukes. They pressed on one another so thickly, in attempting to get to the gates through the narrow avenue, that the passage was soon blocked up both with the dead and the living. At length some of them made their way to the gates, but they found them closed. He who had charge of this post, Saleh Kosh, and a troop of Delhis, were stationed on the walls and turrets overhead, keeping up a continual fire on the poor wretches

during their fruitless endeavours to break open the doors. As the survivors fled, they galloped over the dead bodies of their comrades; their horses maddened with wounds, and they themselves confounded by the groans of their companions, the yells of the savage soldiery, and the incessant roar of musketry.

The unfortunate Beys now abandoned their horses; they stripped themselves of their cumbrous garments, and sword in hand returned to the threshold of the palace. But all along the path the soldiers were stationed on the heights, taking unerring aim at their defenceless victims; and when in their despair they rushed to the door of the palace, a thousand muskets were levelled at them from the loop-holes and lattices. The carnage was terrible. The Beys in vain shook their swords at their murderers. They ran up and down like distracted beings, bleeding and half naked, walking over the bodies of the dying and the dead, and every instant increasing the tumulus of slaughter.

Mourad, at the head of his troops, now descended from the walls to dispatch the sur-

vivors, some of whom had taken refuge in the ruins of Saladin's palace.

The spirit of the Mamelukes was almost broken; many were dragged from the ruins and massacred without offering any resistance; but some, amongst whom were Chakyn and Osman Beys, died like men deserving a better fate, sword in hand, and, when they fell, it was on the bodies of their enemies.

Mourad had long sought the latter amidst his numerous victims. At length he found him in the ruin, pale and bloody, standing against one of the pillars, and leaning on his sword for support. It was a sight to have struck pity into any bosom save that of an infuriated soldier, whom the sight of blood had maddened into a monster panting only for slaughter, and insatiate with murder.

"Dog of a Mameluke!" cried the pitiless young soldier, as he rushed on the wounded Bey, "that cursed blow you struck me in the bazaar was a fatal one to you and all your tribe. Die, Kafir," he continued, making a thrust of his sword at the breast of the exhausted Mameluke; but weak as he was from loss of blood,

Osman warded off the blow, and making one dying effort, he raised the weapon above his head, which he had wielded in a hundred battles. It was a dying effort, but the strength of death was in the blow; it clove down his enemy. He attempted to repeat it, but his hand failed; his limbs tottered; he staggered a few steps, and then fell forward never to rise again.

CHAPTER IX.

I bleed, sir; but not killed.

OTHELLO.

HIS enemy had received no mortal injury; the blow had stunned him, his turban was cut through all its folds, and his cheek was laid open to the bone. When he arose, the proud Mameluke was stiff, and stark on the smoking soil, where murder herself reeled over her victims, and death stumbled along like the dim-sighted camel of Tarafa.

"He died too soon," cried Mourad, inflicting a superfluous wound on the body of the Bey; "but, thank Allah! there are still some villains left to dispose of." He and his bloodthirsty companions now sallied forth; they ran like madmen from place to place, cutting down

every unfortunate wretch who still survived, and mangling the dead bodies in their fury.

It was terrible to see with what frenzy they thrust their fingers into the gashes of their foes, and smeared their faces with their blood; some even were seen holding the crimson sword between their teeth while they stripped the slain, while others were observed trampling the wounded to death, when their arms were fatigued with carnage.

At length the splendid *cortège* of the morning, the magnificent Mamelukes and their high-couraged horses, were no longer visible; a mass of bleeding mortality presented itself to view, men and horses weltering together on the slippery pavement, the corpse of the proud Bey and the body of his ignoble Seys stretched side by side, disfigured and mutilated, while broken swords and blood-stained garments of the finest tissue of Aleppo were scattered here and there, and in the narrow passage where the massacre commenced, the gore was ankle deep, and a heap of mangled bodies quite blocked up the avenue.

One only of all the gallant cavaliers who

came galloping up that road a few hours ago, was living. Suleman Bey was that survivor of all his race. Mourad discovered him concealing himself behind a column in the hall of Saladin.

"For the soul of your father," cried the unfortunate Bey, throwing himself at the feet of the murderer, "have pity on me; for the honour of your mother," he continued, "have mercy on me! If there be one in the world you love, for the sake of that loved one, bring me before the Pacha; he knows not that I am in this extremity; all the money I have is yours, but this purse is the least part of my treasures: save me, young man, and the wealth of my house is yours; I swear it by your head, by your hand I swear it, by that bright sword which glitters in my eyes, I'll keep my promise."

Mourad grasped the purse. "You must die," said he, "there is no salvation for you; even were I inclined to spare you, a hundred others are ready to dispatch you the instant you leave these walls."

But Mourad was either moved by the obtesta-

tion of the supplicant, or the promises he made him. He began to think that the Pacha had too good reasons to be thankful to Mahomed for the extermination of all his enemies, save one who was personally known to his Highness, to be angry at the preservation of that man.

"Follow me, Mameluke," said he; "I will take you before the Pacha, since you seem so sure of his clemency: remember your promise, for I am now risking my life to attempt the salvation of yours."

The trembling being followed his conductor, shuddering at the sight of the soldiers he had to pass by as they approached the palace. A Delhi laid his red hand on the neck of the prisoner, as our hero led him to the door of the palace.

"What means this?" cried the savage soldier, "has not every Moslem killed his man? why then do you suffer this kafir to live? This must not be; no, by the Prophet! he shall die where he stands!"

"He is my prisoner," replied Mourad; "unhand him instantly, or this day's booty will avail you little."

The Delhi drew his pistol, but before he had time to cock it, Mourad made a thrust at his bosom, which ended the discussion. They reached the palace without farther opposition; the doors were thrown open at the sound of the Bynbashi's well-known voice.

The Viceroy, he was told, was in an upper apartment, whose latticed window commanded a view of the whole scene of bloodshed.

He entered the apartment, followed by the Mameluke. "May it please your Highness," exclaimed our hero, "this is the last of the Beys; he has not the grace to die contentedly like his companions, but has implored the soldiers to fetch him before your Highness." The Bey endeavoured to lay hold of the skirt of the Pacha's garment in the earnestness of his supplication. But the Pacha eluded the attempt: he uttered not a syllable in reply to the supplicant. Mourad watched him well; the Pacha put his finger to his throat: the Mameluke was still in the attitude of entreaty. Suddenly the word "Vras" rushed on his ear; the turban was dragged off his head: one hand of Mourad's was twisted in the tuft of his

victim; the other wielded the sword: in an instant the head of the last of the Mamelukes rolled at the feet of Mohamed Ali.

There was a strange contrast in the looks of the prince and his accomplice: the former was pale as death; his white lips quivered, his knees tottered, his soul was disquieted. Mourad, on the other hand, was burning with the strong excitement of a hellish passion, gratified by the full effusion of human blood. His cheeks glowed with the scarlet blush of intoxication; his tumid features were flushed with rage; his eyes were blood-shot: they glared on the crimson stream which flowed from the headless trunk, as if it was an ecstasy to gloat and gaze on the slaughter of his fellow-creatures.

"The news?" cried the Pacha, in a hollow tone; "are they killed? all of them cut off? are you sure they 're dead?"

Before Mourad had time to answer, Dr. Mendrice entered the apartment, rubbing his hand, and smiling much. "Effendi," he exclaimed, "I bring joyful news to your Royal Highness; the affair is finished; this is a happy day for our Governor."

The Pacha made no reply to the Christian; he asked for a drink of water. He then dismissed the Hakkim, and began to inquire about every particular of the massacre; how such a Bey died, and such a soldier behaved during the carnage. But all the time he spoke, his frame trembled and his voice faltered; but when he asked the number of the slain, and was told four hundred and seventy Mamelukes, and one hundred strangers, grooms, and menials of the Beys, were massacred, his flagging spirits seemed to rally.

"Allah Illah!" he exclaimed; "the enemies of the Sultan and his Viceroy are swept off the face of El Masr: to you, Mourad, and your brave comrades, I permit the pillage of their houses, for all this day, and till noon next morning. But by this time to-morrow, order must every where prevail."

Mourad thought every moment an hour till the Pacha allowed him to depart, and when he did, he only gave intimation of the Pacha's permission to his own troop. As he descended to the gate, in some places the bodies lay so thick, that he was obliged to walk over them; the

doors were thrown open, but none were suffered to enter; and they who an hour ago would have given the world and all its wealth for an exit, were now at rest for ever within the fatal walls of their arch enemy.

Mourad and his myrmidons now hastened to the houses of their victims. They left the greater number of the soldiers employed in stripping the dead bodies. The first house they came to was that of the unfortunate Suliman: the door was demolished; in a few minutes every apartment was filled with a licentious soldiery; even the sacred walls of the harem were profaned by the presence of the plunderers. The shrieking women in vain fled from one room to another; their pursuers were at their heels. The wives and children of the proudest of the Beys were dragged from their hiding-places, before the eyes of a dissolute rabble; their veils torn from their faces in the presence of strangers,—an insult which no Turkish woman would survive; if time and patience afforded not stronger motives for living than the Roman lady had leisure to find out, who died for reputation, though not for

virtue. Undoubtedly if killing one's-self were the fashion in Turkey, these poor women would not have have survived the shame of standing like Christian women without their amsacks in the presence of a multitude of strangers. But the people of the East, in all their troubles, have the Allah Karim philosophy for their support. No matter what be the affliction, they say Allah is merciful, and his will must be done; no matter what the calamity, they say It was written and could not be avoided, and therefore must be endured. In short, people never think of killing themselves; if the misfortune be very great, and human agency have any thing to do with it, they prefer killing one another.

One of the Delhis had burst into a chamber, the door of which had hitherto resisted the attempt of the soldiery to open; a shriek was heard the moment the door was burst open, and then a groan; the Delhi tottered forth weltering in his blood: his own hanger had been plunged into his bosom. The door was again closed and barricadoed in the inside.

The companions of the wounded soldier

rushed *en masse* to revenge the dishonourable blow he had received from a woman. Mourad was not yet altogether so brutalized, as to see an unfortunate female given up to the fury of an exasperated horde, without making an effort for her preservation. He pushed through the crowd till he found himself in a line with those who were forcing open the door. To the astonishment of all on entering the apartment, instead of encountering the lightning glance of the enraged Sultana of the harem, preparing her robust arm for another murderous blow, they beheld a poor trembling girl, clinging for support with one hand to the marble fountain in the centre of the room, while with the other she grasped the weapon which was still reeking with the blood of the Delhi. It was a sorry sight to see so young, so beautiful, so helpless a creature raising her feeble hand against the fury of a horde of savages, drunk with rapine, glutted with carnage, and covered with the grumous blood of their victims. The mixture of terror and determination, of fear and frenzy, which marked the marble features of the girl, gave something of a supernatural cast to her coun-

tenance; and were it not for the tremulous motion of her limbs, a Frangi might have taken her for the statue of a naiad at the brink of a sacred fountain. Even the ruffians to whom atrocity was an excitement as necessary to their being, as the bread of life itself, hung back for a moment, surprised and awe-struck at the sight of the pale spectre of beauty which stood before them, armed with a weapon which trembled in her feeble grasp like an aspen leaf. Some gouts of blood, trickling over the haft as she elevated the point, had stained her white fingers, and still more strikingly contrasted the deadly pallor of her complexion. But there was one who gazed on the apparition, till every surrounding object appeared to be lost on his senses.

"Heavenly powers!" he exclaimed, trying to collect his scattered thoughts, as if from a mass of incongruous images, "it can be no other! that cheek, however pale; that lip, however bloodless; that look, however haggard, I cannot be mistaken in. If the idol of my soul be in existence, and the form I gaze on be of earth, that poor trembler is my beloved Zuleika!"

The soldiery were already gathered round her, squabbling for the possession of the captive, the sword was struck from her feeble hand, and one of the Delhi chiefs seized on her arm, and dragging her towards him swore she was his lawful prize by every law divine and human. By the fetfah of the Mufti, or head of the religion, and by the tiskeree of the Cadileskier, or military judge, he would support his claim to her. The soldiers gave up their claim to the captive: there were other houses to be ravaged, other apartments still to be pillaged; but they growled and murmured against their chief as they retired.

Mourad now rushed forward: the various emotions which agitated his bosom were written in his features; the conflicting passions which harrowed up his soul were visible in his rolling eyes. He sprang at the Delhi's throat as the latter was in the act of drawing his pistol from his girdle.

"Instantly let her go," he exclaimed, "or call not your soul your own another moment; take your cursed fingers from her person, or the farther profanation of her pure flesh by

your unhallowed touch, will bring such ashes on your head, as all the laws, divine and human, which you have spoken of, will not take away."

While he yet addressed his threats to the soldier, the poor girl uttered a loud scream; in the rude soldier who stood before her covered with blood, disfigured by an unsightly wound, and every feature glowing with unnatural excitement, she recognized the object of her young affections, the person of that beloved Mourad whom she had parted with ere guilt and the passions had given the harsh lines of bitter experience to his countenance. Terrible as was the appearance of her lover, and sad as the alteration in his looks, she gazed on him as if her soul was piercing through her eyes, till at length the objects before her appeared to become confused, she uttered a faint shriek, and sank senseless on the floor.

Mourad released the Delhi from his grasp, and ran to the assistance of the fallen girl. As he stooped to raise her up, his opponent seized the opportunity to pull his pistol from his girdle, and to fire on his antagonist while his

back was turned towards him. Our hero started with a sudden bound, with the convulsive motion of one who had received some mortal injury. His right-hand grasped his sword, but his left was placed over his ribs close to the heart, and in an instant his white antery was dyed all over with the crimson tide of life. He made one thrust at his treacherous assailant, but it reached him not, and in the attempt he lost his balance and fell motionless on his face. The Delhi lost not a moment in raising up the death-like form of the young woman, and bearing away his victim ere another rival should dispute his prize. In the mean time the house was completely pillaged from top to bottom, and all the marauders departed with their booty. The body of Mourad lay where it had fallen, but not altogether without signs of returning animation. The blood was still bubbling up through the bosom of the antery; his lips moved as if the thirst of death was on them; his hands were occasionally stirred, and then the long-drawn-out yawn of exhaustion followed; he opened his eyes, and stared wildly round him as if he had awakened in a strange

place; he endeavoured to rise, the effort was beyond his strength, and after many a fruitless attempt, he was just able to drag his exhausted frame along the floor, leaving a broad streak of gore behind him as he crawled with difficulty from the chamber to the street. There his sad condition soon arrested the attention of the passengers; the young Bynbashi, the favourite of the Pacha, was soon recognized, and all the assistance was given him which his deplorable state required. He was conveyed on a litter to his own house, and whatever was the motive of his kind friends in summoning the whole faculty of El Masr to his bed-side, in less than an hour every hakkim of any reputation in the city was tormenting the sufferer with all the impertinence of his art.

CHAPTER X.

Let no man fix his abode where five advantages are not found; the first a physician, the others wealth, water, a priest, and a magistrate.

VISHNUSARMAN.

THE wounded man was laid on a mattress in the middle of a spacious room. A black slave knelt beside the pillow flapping away the flies, while another was stationed at the foot of the bed rubbing the cold feet of his master.

The doctors were assembled on either side, nine grave hakkims, each the disciple of a particular system of medicine; but what might not be expected from a consultation which embraced the collective skill of nine nations?

The patient was still bleeding profusely, his countenance was bleached from the hæmorrhage, he yawned frequently, and tossed about his

hands till the hakkims on both sides commenced operations, by seizing on either wrist.

A *soi-disant* physician of Padua had possession of the right, which he held with such a supercilious air of superior knowledge, that the rest of the faculty appeared to consider him entitled to precedence; and when he waved his head with a slow and dignified motion three several times, the other doctors beside him deferred with humility to his awful nod, and determined on the prognosis they were to form, before they put a finger on the patient.

The hakkim on the other side of the bed, who headed his dignified *confreres*, was a Hebrew doctor, who wore an enormous seal-skin calpac, such as the doctors of the chosen people alone are allowed to use. He held the pulse for about ten minutes to his ear, and then deposing the sick man's hand on the bed-clothes, he said, "If it please God, he will be well to-morrow."

The Hebrew's was the opposition side of the bed, so all who stood about him exclaimed, "Calaam Thaib, a good word has been spoken," in a triumphant tone.

Every hair of the man of Padua bristled up at the declaration of the impudent Jew, and both he and the Hebrew exchanged glances of scorn and defiance across the bed. The former then pulled a long round piece of stick, like a constable's staff, out of his pocket, at the sight of which, as it was brandished in the air, the Jew doctor and his associates precipitately retreated, while the servants vociferated their entreaties that the hawadgis would come to no blows over the body of their poor master.

"Ignorant blockheads," cried the Paduan, "do you take the stethescope of a physician for the tob of a magistrate? do you not know that all the diseases under Heaven are cognisable to a recondite ear through the medium of this acoustic instrument? But why should I speak of the arcana of our art to a misbelieving Jew, who pushes infidelity even to a doubt of the efficacy of an instrument, of which Hippocrates was the inventor?"

The doctors on the opposition side still stood at a respectful distance from the bed; but when they beheld the Frank apply one extremity of the formidable weapon to the breast

of the patient, and the other to his own ear, their fears vanished, and they returned to their former stations.

For ten mortal minutes the friends of the patient were kept in a state of cruel suspense, while the physician of Padua kept his ear to the instrument, listening as it were to the complaints of the man's inside. At length raising his head, he put on a look of more importance than he had yet assumed; he said, "There is assuredly a bullet in this man's body."

"Mashallah!" exclaimed all the doctors on the right, "this is a wonderful instrument;" and taking hold of it, each in succession poked it into the patient's ribs, and at each application of it, a groan issued from the lips of the sufferer.

The Paduan in the mean time was preparing to harangue his colleagues; and after half a dozen prefatory hems and hahs, he spoke as follows:

"Hippocrates, the father of physic, laid it down as an axiom that art is long, and life short; and in modern times, Tomasini, the great regenerator of medicine, has made the

wonderful discovery, that there is one class of remedies applicable to all sorts of diseases, namely, counter stimulants. To this illustrious professor succeeded another luminary in science, the celebrated Broussais, who found out that the stomach is the centre of the body, and is therefore the seat of all its maladies. Behold the elements of the healing art! Here have we assembled to reduce them to practice. This unfortunate man eventually must die; but God forbid that event should happen without first employing all the satisfactory resources of our art. A ball has pierced his side, and has either wounded his stomach or it has not. In either case, that central organ must necessarily be the seat and source of all the inflammatory mischief that is to follow. Therefore leeches must be applied abundantly to the central organ; and as a leaden ball is evidently a stimulant in the body, the remedy that is to be applied must of course be a counter stimulant; therefore too much tartar emetic cannot be swallowed by the patient. But let me remind you, my learned colleagues, that dispatch is the soul of science, and that if you would not see the sick man die

without the last consolatory roûtine of medication, you must lose not a moment in commencing operations."

All the doctors on the right applauded the judicious observations of the Paduan; they were decidedly of his opinion, and they expressed their accordance with his views in terms which would have done honour to a London consultation. But the doctors on the opposition side had never heard that there was such a thing as the dignity of physic to be preserved at the bedside; so they accordingly manifested their determination to differ with their opposite brethren, by repeated ejaculations of "Staffer Allah! Allah Wakbar!" and other expressions of astonishment, accompanied by appropriate gestures of indignation.

A Zantiote hakkim who stood next the Jew, and who passed for a Frangi, from the circumstance of his wearing a hat, began twirling his moustachios; then fixing his fierce glance on the Paduan, he addressed him in the following terms:—"Who is he who talks of the stomach being the centre of the body? Where has he studied who asserts such an absurdity? Every

body knows the city of Jerusalem is the centre of the world, but who is impious enough to deny that the soul is the centre of the body? What is the stomach which he makes so many words about? Is it not a bag with a couple of apertures, and certain juices whose names are known to every body? what more can be said of it? And who ever heard or read of such things as stimulants and counter stimulants? What man in his senses would talk of putting leeches on a man who was bleeding to death? Matotheo, this is downright madness! The patient is labouring under a green wound, which nothing but the internal and external exhibition of the sovereign electuary of Mithridates can cure; therefore, in the name of the Pania, let it be administered forthwith."

A shrewd-looking Arab, who proved to be a chirurgeon barber of great eminence, and had sat listening to the conflicting opinions of his infidel colleagues, now delivered his sentiments with the most becoming gravity.

"Praise be to Allah!" said the barber, "who built the heavens without pillars, and spread the earth as a garden, carpeted with verdure and variegated with beautiful plants, whose heal-

ing properties are adapted to every disease under the sun! As all the world knows, there are two great maladies incidental to humanity, namely, the disorder of the blood, and that of the bile. Here is a man afflicted with the former; a ball makes a hole in his side—blood comes out, and he becomes sick—where the ball is, God best knows—when it will come out, it is not for us to say; but as it is certain that soap is cleansing, and savine drawing, what is more likely to extract the ball than a cerate composed of both? If it please God to give efficacy to the remedy, were it a cannon-ball, instead of a little bullet, that was lodged in the sick man's stomach, it would be sure to be drawn out; therefore, let us give praise to Allah, and put our trust in his Apostle; and, if it be not ordained otherwise, there is no doubt but that the sick man will be made whole."

The Hebrew hakkim, who, having a venerable white beard, was looked upon with some deference by every person present except the Paduan, now took upon himself the task of replying to the different physicians, and of reconciling their discordant sentiments. "If I understand rightly," said he, "the opinions of my worthy

colleagues, they are to this effect: — the gentleman opposite, with a hat, would treat the patient with blood-letting and counter stimulants; our Greek brother recommends the electuary of Mithridates; our Arab friend proposes to effect a cure with soap and savine. I myself am of opinion, that the ball being in the stomach, there is but one means of getting it out, and that is, by dissolving it in the place where it is deposited. Every body knows that metals are soluble in acids; the most precious ores requiring the strongest sorts, the least valuable needing only the weakest; therefore, vinegar and water, it is obvious, must do much good. But as each of us seems to have faith in the remedy he has proposed, and as God only knows which of them is best, it would be wrong to deprive the patient of the services of those who received his money. It is, therefore, my advice, that my worthy colleagues so modify their prescriptions as to admit of the administration of all their remedies."

This proposition was hailed with loud and general applause, and the learned doctors were on the point of carrying their respective plans

into effect, when in walked a Chiaous of the Pacha, followed by the hakkim of one of the French consuls of El Masr. The members of the consultation looked at one another exceedingly disconcerted; they flung many a contemptuous glance at the tall ungainly figure of the youthful interloper. "He has not a hair on his chin," whispered one; "He is more awkward in his gait," said another, "than a short-tethered camel."

"What," cried the Hebrew, "can one like him know of medicine, who has not seen thirty summers, and who has never read a page of Avicenna, nor of Sheik Daoud? But though he has not seen thirty summers and has neither gravity nor decorum in appearance, there is still something in his regard which looks like experience. But there is no knowing these infidels; one of their greatest generals passed not long ago through El Masr, who was hardly the size of a Tambourgi; and as for the wise men who were here with the French, not one of the Kafirs had a beard. God help them! they are an unfortunate people."

In the mean time, the Chiaous was beating

off the crowd of servants and doctors from the bed-side of the patient. "Away, dogs!" he cried, "and make room for your master, the hakkim of the Konsul Inglis."

"Master, indeed!" cried the man of Padua; "a doctor who gives nothing but calomel to his patients, a drug more poisonous than arsenic itself. Has this sick man the stomach of an Englishman, to digest a corrosive mineral? Body of Bacchus!" he continued, "better would it be for the patient to have another ball in his inside than one small pill of this calomel doctor's."

"Hush! pessavink," said the Chiaous, "what do you know of physic? Do I not remember you a matchmaker in Scanderia?"

The Hebrew ventured, likewise, to express his horror of calomel; but the unceremonious Chiaous cut short his observation, by desiring him to pull his calpac over his right ear, and to take care of his left, lest the same misfortune should happen to the hakkim which did to the seraph, or money-changer.

The Zantiote said, this was unworthy language to apply to physicians in the midst of a consultation.

"Take care of yourself, Hawadgi Logotheti," replied the all-knowing Chiaous; "it behoves you to wear a whole coat; the smallest rent might discover the two broad letters on your back; no man is born to escape twice from the galleys."

There was a general silence. The English hakkim, to the horror of the assembled faculty, began to examine the wound with his finger, and to their still greater horror, to pull round the patient on his side, and to grope about his back, where there was no appearance whatever of a wound. A general murmur of disapprobation followed; but when the operator took out a small knife, and was in the act of cutting into the back, the whole faculty cried "Murder!" with one accord. The Chiaous began to brandish his long stick, but the Englishman very quietly bade him let the gentlemen remain unmolested; he did not approve, he said, of armed soldiers interfering in consultations between dissenting doctors. He proceeded to cut down on what he believed to be the ball, and his operation was attended with success, for to the astonishment of all present, after a second or

two, he laid the ball on the bed before the eyes of the faculty. Having dressed the wounds, and given some directions to the servants, he took his leave, without appearing to attach any great importance to the operation he had performed.

The consulting physicians at first looked somewhat disconcerted, but the Paduan set every thing right, by assuring his colleagues that nothing was easier than cutting out a ball, and that any fool was capable of doing as much.

The Hebrew physician, however, who saw nothing very extraordinary in the account of Hannibal's mode of melting down the Alps, had the candour to acknowledge that cutting out a ball was an easier operation than dissolving it in the stomach with vinegar and water.

CHAPTER XI.

I am sick of this false world: and will love nought but even the mere necessities upon it.

Timon of Athens.

BODILY suffering is so far incompatible with mental, that it is impossible for sickness and sorrow, in any violent degree, to produce two specific simultaneous actions on the same individual. Where either predominate, it reigns alone; indeed, were both to exist together, nature would be unequal to the encounter. During a tedious convalescence of many weeks, Mourad had few intervals from pain, to allow him to think on the past, or to recall the circumstance which led to his misfortune. A time there was that "when the brains were out the man would die;" but in the present case

two frightful wounds, each of which looked deep enough for a death to nature, proved insufficient to give a quietus to the patient. But with the cessation of the suffering under which he writhed, came the consciousness of that sickness of the heart which is beyond the province of the physician, and which time only can alleviate.

The image of Zuleika was eternally before him; day and night that pallid spectre of beauty which he beheld in the palace of the Bey haunted his imagination; one moment he believed it was the phantom of his mistress he had gazed on; again the living terror of her look, as she shuddered at the sight of the blood-stained sword which trembled in her hand, convinced him he had beheld his beloved Zuleika, and left no doubt of the reality of his loss. His emissaries were scattered over the city for the purpose of gaining some intelligence of the Delhi who had carried her away from the Bey's house; but all that could be learned from the soldiers of this chief was, that their master had set out on a pilgrimage to the holy city, and had left all the women of the harem, save one,

behind him. Mourad needed no ghost from the grave to tell him who that one was; the repose of a sick bed was no longer tolerable, every moment he lost seemed to separate him still farther from his beloved Zuleika. At length all the remonstrances of the doctor were set at defiance, and all the necessary preparations were made for an immediate departure.

The first use the patient made of his legs was to wait on the Pacha, to procure leave of absence for two or three months. The moment Mohamed Ali set eyes on his young Bynbashi, he noticed the sad alteration in his looks, and, as it is the fashion in Turkey for people to tell their friends how ill they look as well as how blooming, his Highness condoled with him on the great change for the worse that had taken place in his appearance since he had last beheld him.

"What!" said he, "is it possible you are the same young Rustan I saw so lately full of health and spirits, whose light step would not have hurt the head of a cowslip! whose sparkling eye glanced defiance at half the world, and whose vigorous frame seemed to have been

formed for resisting every hardship! Allah be good to us! how soon a young man is brought down! That cut of a sabre has not improved your beauty, but it has given something manly to that boyish face of yours."

"Neither, may it please your Highness," replied the invalid, "has the bullet which traversed my body been very beneficial to my health; but my only consolation is, that I have received my wounds in the service of the most generous master in the universe."

"What is the knave going to ask," cried the Viceroy, in a good-humoured tone, "that he is anticipating my generosity? But be the request what it may, if so poor a Pacha as Mohamed Ali can satisfy your wishes, you shall not go away discontented. You have a right to ask boldly; your services entitle you to my gratitude, though the last of your wounds was received in your own quarrel, not mine. Like a good dog, you hunted down the fox that vexed the shepherd, and your master fed and fondled you for your pains; but when you wrangled with another mongrel for the bones of your prey, and got bitten in the conflict, you

had no business to whine under the footstool of your master, as if he had been the occasion of your disaster. But in whatever service your hurt has happened, we must see and make you some amends for it. What would you have? money, rank, or the palace of a bey for your establishment?"

"None of them, if it please your Highness," rejoined our hero; "the most generous of princes has lavishsd more money on his servant than he deserves or needs; the high station he enjoys is more than he ever expected to attain; and as for an establishment, the slave of the best of masters is of too low an origin to dream of trusting the peaceful security of humble life within the walls of a palace. (The Pacha smiled.) It is a greater boon than any yet named," continued Mourad, "which I am about to ask; it is no less than your gracious permission to call a villain to account who has robbed me of more than life."

"Ha, ha!" cried the Pacha, "stolen your mistress, I suppose. I do not wonder at your looking like Mejnoun. But who is this Leileh of

your's? and what son of a Shitan is he who has meddled with your peace?"

"The Delhi Chief," replied Mourad, "is the villain I speak of; he who traitorously fired on me when my back was turned, and who took advantage of my condition to carry away my betrothed, my long-lost mistress, even that poor girl, Effendi, whose courage in the house of the mameluke, I have been told, your Highness applauded."

"What!" exclaimed the Viceroy, "that brave girl who stabbed the dog of a soldier to the heart, the mistress of my young byn-bashi! Wallah! this is wonderful; the bravest man in my dominions, the lover of the only courageous woman in the world! But how came she in the harem of the bey? surely your mistress was not the wife of a mameluke?"

"Min Allah!" cried our hero, "Heaven forbid she was the wife of any man! How she came to be found in the harem of this bey, I cannot tell, but her arrival in this country, I have reason to believe, could not have been many days previous to the destruction of the enemies of Allah and your Highness. The cursed Delhi who

has heaped all these ashes on my head, and brought desolation on my heart, is now on his way to the blessed city: I have reason to know he has taken his poor victim with him. Oh! Effendi, if the humblest of your servants have ever found any favour in your sight, if the most devoted of your subjects have ever shown any zeal in your service——"

"Enough!" cried Mohamed Ali, interrupting the supplicant; "would to Allah I could get rid of all these lawless Delhis with as much facility as I can of this pious hadgi of their's! Pursue him when you will; furnish yourself with the garb of a Capidgi bashi; the secretary will provide you with an order for his head; and for that bullet he sent through you, I think I cannot do less than make you heir to his substance, to assist you in providing pillows for your new harem."

Mourad cast himself at the feet of the Viceroy, he compared his munificence to that of Hatem Tai, his greatness to Saleddin's, and the glory of his reign to Haroun El Rashid's. After a thousand protestations of gratitude, he retired, apparently in higher favour with the Pacha

than he had been before. Accompanied by a trusty servant, and furnished with the document he had been promised, he mounted his camel and bade adieu to El Masr. It was his first journey in the desert, the first time he had found himself in the midst of a wide wilderness, where nothing was to be seen 'twixt sand and sky, but rolling waves of burning air arising from the arid soil; the first time he had visited those desolate regions of the earth, where none, save the descendants of the wild man, whose hands were lifted against every body's and every body's against him, are to be found: where the oppression of the Pacha, the injustice of the Cadi, the insolence of the soldier, and the perfidy of all, are not to be feared. Sickened as his soul was with the scenes in which he had taken so prominent a part, he enjoyed the solitude of the wilderness more than he had ever done the society of the world, and he almost envied the lot of the independent Bedouin who wandered over the desert at his pleasure, and had nothing to fear from the neighbourhood of vice and wickedness; who pitched his tent under the canopy of heaven,

and had no visit to apprehend from the collector of the taxes, and struck the same awning when it pleased him to depart, and no arrears of rent to settle with his landlord at his going.

"By the soul of my father!" cried Mourad, as he caught a distant view of the black tents of a Bedouin tribe dotting the white surface of the desert here and there with specks hardly bigger to the eye than mole-hills; "if it were not for that one beloved object which binds me to the world, here would I set up my future home, and never again enter the haunts of men. Here, at least, would I eat my simple meal of bread and salt, without mingling the fear of poison with my food; enjoy the sweet sleep of security without the luxury of a Persian carpet; make my wardrobe of an Arab blanket; and cease to live in the mortal apprehension of those cursed bills which are eternally coming in uncalled for on all young effendis." While he was dwelling on all the advantages of this simple mode of life, a speck or two appeared in motion on the sand. The guides turned the heads of their camels another way, they quick-

ened their pace, they primed their matchlocks, and they talked about selling their lives dearly to their enemies. The little specks gradually augmented both in size and numbers, at length each appeared to assume a human shape, and in a few minutes a horde of Bedouin robbers stood abreast of the caravan.

The conductors who had talked of selling their lives dearly, were employed in beseeching Mourad to keep his sword in the scabbard, and not to compromise the safety of all by daring to offer any resistance. The Bedouins approached in so peaceable a manner, that it was impossible to give them other than a friendly greeting; mutual salaam aleikoums, and manifold enquiries after the health of both parties were exchanged, each touched the palm of the other, and then kissed his fortunate fingers a dozen times. At length, the conductors of the camels said they were in a hurry to reach the next well, and must, therefore, proceed on their journey. The Bedouins said, God was the father of time, and there was no occasion to fatigue themselves and their camels. They begged to know, (merely to gratify their curiosty,) what things

they carried in their sacks, what money they had in their purses, and what portion of each they could conveniently spare to their poor brothers the Bedouins? Mourad stormed, the supplicants remained cool; he swore by every hair in the beard of the Apostle, that an ounce of his provisions, or a paras of his money should not be touched; they simply said, they were very poor Bedouins (Bedowee mesquin kitir,) and where were they to look for bread, except from the stranger who came into their territory? If they went into the towns, were they not forced to pay tribute to the Pacha of the country? And if the people of the Pacha came into their country, why should they not pay gueffer to the Bedouins, who were the children of the wilderness, the lineal descendants of Ishmael? But they came as brothers, not as foes, to beg two or three hundred piastres, and a sack or so of barley, but not to steal them. Min Allah, God forbid! Were not all men the sons of the same mother? Did not all good things come from Allah? and, therefore, had not all men a right to share their bread with him who had none? and, above all, with the

Bedouin, who lived in a poor country, where there was neither sowing nor reaping. They, therefore, requested the hawadgi to pull out his purse, merely to take a reasonable beck-sheesh for the trouble they had had in coming so far to salaam him.

Mourad, instead of courteously complying with his request, put his hand to his pistol, and kept it there, while the Bedouins were so far forgetful of politeness as to whisper in company, and to suffer some expression to escape of no equivocal nature. They terminated their conference by drawing their rusty swords, and bidding the travellers throw down their arms, and squat themselves on the sands. To all, save our hero, there was no need to repeat the command; the trembling guides were soon on their knees calling for mercy, while the hair-brained young effendi had the madness to fire on the robbers, and the misfortune to wound one of them in the arm. The savage shout which followed the first effusion of blood, was the precursor of a general attack. Our hero was assailed by the entire gang, and, debilitated as he was by his late sufferings, his resistance

was worse than unavailing; it only tended to exasperate his merciless assailants. When they got him down, several of them drew their long knives to finish the work they had commenced with the but-end of their guns: one fellow was already aiming a deadly blow at the victim, when the chief of the horde knocked the falling weapon aside, and asked his comrades were they mad to cut at the body of a kafir through such fine clothes as he had on? "Have you no consideration," said he, "for such garments as these? would you mangle such a beautiful benoosh as this? cut through an anteree the proudest sheik might not be ashamed to wear? spoil a white cachemere with the brains of a stupid Turk, and daub a pair of sherwals, speck and span new, with as much cloth in the legs of them as will make trowsers for a whole harem of our women? Staffer Allah! have you no discretion? are you like the thick-headed Turks, who have no sense of propriety, and who hack their enemies before they strip them? For the sake of your fathers' beards put up your swords, and act like Bedouins who have some regard for de-

corum. Look to the booty, I say, and settle the price of blood; but in rifling the body, pray remember the silken clothes of these stupid effendis do not stand the dragging and hauling of a fellah's shirt."

The Bedouin robbers endeavoured to show their chief they had still some sense of decorum and propriety: they commenced stripping their victim with the most exemplary gentleness and coolness; nothing could be more edifying than the suavity and mildness with which they pulled off one garment after another, while the amiable chief folded each in succession, and, as he did so, said an occasional word about temperance, to repress the laudable anxiety of his gang to revenge the wound of their companion.

"Kill him by all means," said he, as he tied up the cachemere turban in a handkerchief, "but not just yet; let every thing be done in order. Take off that leathern belt; it ought to be well lined, and so it is; Allah is most merciful! See what is attached to that black ribbon tied about the neck of the kafir. What! is the dog alive? Does he grasp the string?

Ha! there is some gem there more precious than his purse; tear it from the kafir's gripe."

"Never," cried the prostrate Turk, "while there is life in me, will I release that object; if you be Moslems, strike the blow at once, and end my misery."

"The dog talks boldly," exclaimed the chief; "he does not whine, and weep, and beg his paltry life like others of his hated race, who have fallen under our invincible arms: he has the marks, too, of some wounds on his person, no trifles in their way; he has seen swords gleaming over his head before now; he has heard bullets whistling in his ears before yesterday: Wallah el Nebi, he looks too, pale as he is, like a courageous kafir. What think you, my children, if we kill him to-morrow, and not to-day? Besides, we shall have time to think what is best to be done with these miserable Arabs, these effeminate sojourners in high-walled belleds, in towns and cities."

The robbers were all for dispatching the Moslem who had the insolence to offer resistance to a Bedouin; and the man who had been

wounded, more especially insisted on his right to slay the shedder of blood, who had no means left to pay the ransom. This was an argument that the chief had nothing to reply to; the wounded man had a right to blood, and the offender had no friend to buy him off. But though no expostulations might wrangle the seal of custom from off the Arab bond of vengeance, the chief hit on a proposition which was fortunate enough, after a long discussion, to be accepted by the avenger. He proposed that the unknown object, which still remained in the grasp of the Turk, in spite of all the endeavours of the troop to wrest it from him, should fall to his share and be accepted in the stead of blood money. That the object, however small, must be of greater value than the purse of gold which had been taken, the chief said was evident from the desperate struggle the young kafir made to retain possession of it: it must either be a gem of inestimable price, or a waraga of more virtue than a charm of Sheik Abdallah's. The eyes of the Bedouin brightened at the prospect of a prize that might enable him to live like the lords of the wilder-

ness, to eat butter with his pilau, and drink coffee after it. His alacrity was so great to get possession of the prize, that the wound he made so much noise about was immediately forgotten; he placed his knee on the chest of his victim, and, seizing on the arm which still grasped the unknown treasure, he struck him several blows on the elbow with the back of his sword; at length, one thrilling knock paralysed every finger of the Moslem — the hand fell motionless from the trinket which had so long been the object of contention, and in an instant it was torn from the owner's neck. Nothing could exceed the impatience of the Bedouin to undo the piece of scarlet silk which bound the envelope; he removed half a dozen satin coverings of various colours in succession, at length he came to one of finer texture than the others, ornamented with gold and silver spangles. "Heaven be propitious!" he exclaimed as he tore the latter open; the eyes of all his comrades were fixed on him, his hands trembled so he could hardly get at the treasure; at length the last fold was turned over. Oh Mother of Mahomet, what did he behold! — a rose-bud and

a lily bound together by a tress of hair! For several minutes he stood bewildered, gazing on the withered flowers which lay on his extended palm. At length a shout of laughter recalled him to a full sense of his disappointment; he flung away the worthless object which had caused him so much disappointment, seized his pinioned victim by the throat, and would have dispatched him on the spot had it not been for the interference of his comrades. The loud laughter of the Bedouins would have scandalized any Mussulman community in the wide world, except that of the wilderness. Good humour was elicited, the captive had nothing farther to fear from his enemies, the chief even condescended to assist to set him on his feet. He then threw him a blanket, which he assured him was infinitely less cumbersome than the habiliments he had parted with; another gave him a handkerchief for a head dress, and a third had the generosity to bind it with a black worsted roller which he had taken from his own turban.

"Wallah el Nebi!" cried the chief, "he will make a brave Bedouin; he wants nothing but a gun to make him a hero." And with these

words he slung his own matchlock over his shoulder, taking good care first to remove the priming.

Mourad followed the chief to the tents; he ventured to enquire for his guides and servant, and was informed they had been suffered to escape during the time he had the folly to dream of retaining possession of the object which had occupied the attention of the whole party.

CHAPTER XII.

When the fallen pillars of our tents quiver over our furniture, even then we defend our tribe from the impending ruin. AMRU.

MOURAD was taken to the chief's own tent; its dimensions were greater than those of any other in the camp, but its furniture was as simple as that of the poorest Bedouin's, and nothing indicated any superiority of rank but the appearance of two Arab horses picketed at the entrance. The tent was divided into two apartments by a sackcloth screen; that on the left being the chamber of the harem, which consisted of two wives and as many slaves, whose province it was to grind the corn, to take care of the poultry, and to attend to the culinary department. The other apartment was the

common divan, where the chief received his visitors; but the soirées over which he presided every evening were held on the outside of the tent immediately opposite the door. The furniture of the divan consisted of a mat, a praying carpet that had been probably stolen from some poor pilgrim, three or four prepared sheep skins for holding water, and one for churning milk, a large copper boiler for dressing rice, and a hand-mill for grinding corn. The tent of the Bedouin was the place for Socrates to have made the observation, "Of all the things in this great world, how few do I require!"

While Mourad was kept in suspense as to his fate, he had leisure to form a very different opinion of the Bedouins from that which he possessed a few minutes before he encountered them in the desert. So far from being a happy independent race, subject to no tyranny, liable to no despotism, he found them a disunited, miserable people, slaves of their patriarchal chiefs, who in their turn were tributary vassals to the Sheiks of the principal tribes. Divided into innumerable factions, the hordes of one valley were at variance with those of another, for

no earthly reason but that their fathers had been so before them, and that their only inheritance had been a debt of blood.

Some days after Mourad's detention in the camp, the chief informed him that in the public assembly, where his fate had been the subject of deliberation the preceding evening, he had been his friend, and had procured for him such terms as he would have reason to rejoice at. The Pacha of El Masr, he said, had a long arm, which extended even to the wadis of the wilderness, and so long as his tribe remained within the grasp of Mohamed Ali it would be imprudent to provoke his vengeance. Therefore, as they intended to remain where their camp was then pitched till the pasturage in the neighbourhood was eaten up, they had resolved to keep their prisoner until such time as they had nothing to fear from his complaints to the Pacha. It was in vain that Mourad talked of the pressing nature of his business at Suez; he entreated permission to depart, and vowed to bury the recollection of their plunder in oblivion. The chief told him his doom had been decided on, and it would be impossible to alter

what had been pronounced; but he took upon himself so far to modify the sentence as to suffer him to depart after a long expected engagement with a neighbouring tribe had taken place, which was now at hand. It was expected, he said, by the tribe, that he would give the assistance of his arm to their cause; and as it was a just and necessary war, he could feel no repugnance at becoming a party to it. Mourad cared little about the justice and necessity of the war; like other heroes, the only justice he dreamt of doing was to his own interests, and the only necessities he consulted were his own individual ones; he made no inquiries about the nature of the quarrel, but he manifested all the alacrity of a Turkish Dalgetti to fight for any cause he was requested to espouse. That evening at sunset, the customary hour of holding their assemblies, the whole tribe was gathered together and the Chief in the midst; each man of any substance carried his mat with him, and, as he sat down, he deposited his weapon, sword or dagger, on the ground before him. When the circle was complete, the chief addressed the assembly in the

following words:—"God bestowed the wide wilderness on the children of Ismael and their seed for ever for an inheritance; he bestowed not cities and walled towns on his favourite children, neither did he place them in fine houses and clothe them in silken garments, for God hates the effeminate and the voluptuous. In the midst of the wilderness he gave them wadis more beautiful than all the gardens of the world, and in his infinite mercy he scattered wells here and there, so that it is impossible for a Bedouin to doubt that he is the favourite of Heaven, when he cannot wander two days in the desert without meeting with water either fresh or salt. But as it would be too great a happiness to enjoy such blessings without some mixture of discontent, it has pleased Allah from time to time to cause some unworthy members of the family of Ismael to spring up amongst us, in order to remind us by their mischief we are not living in the gardens of Paradise, where malice has no abode. And now, within sight of our tents, have the ancient enemies of our tribe pitched their camp. For fifty years have we sought an honourable satisfaction for a grievous insult, even for the

blood of one of our tribe, shed, as our fathers have informed us, by a dog of the tribe of Hassan. Hitherto have we been unsuccessful in the pursuit of vengeance, but the time is at length come; to-morrow, if it please God, the long account of vengeance shall be finally settled. With Heaven on our side, what have we to fear? is not our tribe more numerous than the stars? Is it not easier to count the sands on the sea shore than the heads of the brave men about me? (Mourad looked around him and he found the whole number of the innumerables to be two hundred men.) Who then can doubt of our success? In the name of Allah, this night let us attack them, surprise their tents at midnight, cut the throats of the kafirs while they are asleep, and carry off their cattle and their women, and all their other property before morning. With the assistance of the Prophet, and due attention to our match-locks, the attack will be successful. Our prisoner, the young Turk, who appears to have more brains than the generality of his stupid nation, is desirous of accompanying the expedition; he shall be gratified; though it has not pleased Heaven to

have made him a Bedouin, he has the air of a free-born Arab; and, if I mistake not, he will be the first to commence the attack. Remember, my children, ours is the cause of virtue; remember that we fight for vengeance, and he who can most injure his enemy is most capable of serving his friend."

The chief ceased speaking, and every one applauded his discourse, especially the last moral maxim he propounded. The mode of the attack was the subject of a long discussion, in which Mourad took a part that gained him the confidence of the whole tribe. Amongst other important suggestions, he pointed out the certainty of an alarm being given at their approach by the dogs, which form the outposts of every Bedouin camp; he therefore proposed getting rid of this danger by carrying the offals of a camel to the windward of the adversary's camp, and when the famished mongrels were busy with the carrion, then to surprise their foes. This delicate stratagem so pleased the Bedouins, they swore had he been born in the desert, he could not have manifested a better understanding or a brighter wit. The evening

was occupied in getting the matchlocks in order, and furbishing the rusty swords. All the grinding stones of the camp were put in requisition; and the same implement which served for preparing the staff of life, served likewise for sharpening the instrument of death. In both occupations the women were the operatives. When the army of the two hundred innumerables was on the point of marching, the chief harangued his tribe in an admirable speech, in which he talked not about honour, glory, or any such absurdity, but he told them they were in want of cattle, and their enemies had plenty, and without slaying these enemies, there was no getting at their possessions. And moreover, they were going as the avengers of blood, and therefore they had justice on their side, and were walking to the fray under the shadow of the Apostle. A pagan might have talked of the protection of Bellona, a giaour of the shield of Providence; but it is doubtful if the words of either would have produced so encouraging an effect as those of the robber of the wilderness. It was just midnight when they reached the outskirts of the adversary's

camp; our hero's project for taking off the attention of the out party was successful. There was something striking in the appearance of Mourad in his Bedouin accoutrements; he was still pale from the effect of his late illness, but the cicatrix on his cheek gave an expression of fierceness, if not of ferocity, to his features, lit up as they now were with the horrid pleasure of anticipated havoc. The murder of the Mamelukes had brought the first red cup of slaughter to his lips; and having once tasted blood he thirsted for more, and mistook the unnatural cravings of a depraved appetite for the laudable desire of obtaining glory. The insensible influence which a strong mind acquires over a weak one, gave Mourad an ascendancy over the Bedouins; they involuntarily abandoned their chief, and flocked round our hero, whom with one voice they besought to lead them against the enemy. Mourad desired nothing better; imposing silence on his host, he advanced at their head with the stealthy pace of midnight robbers, and reached the tents without any alarm having been given.

"Now," cried Mourad to the horde, "is the

time for vengeance. In the name of the Prophet, every man to his work, and let the camp be entered with the universal shout of Allah! Illah!"

In an instant the cry of blood was up, and havoc was let loose in every tent. Mourad, at the head of his cut-throats, carried desolation into the heart of the encampment; scores of poor wretches, scarcely awake, and stupified with astonishment, were cut down. Every where the sword of Mourad was seen gleaming in the moonlight as he rushed from tent to tent, spreading devastation where he went. But the assailants at length met a check in front of the tent of the adversary's sheik. There some fifty of their tribe had rallied, and though hardly recovered from the terror of the unforeseen attack, they made such desperate resistance, as caused the assailants, who had hitherto been acting on the offensive, to turn their tactics to the defensive. The single arm of Mourad repeatedly turned the fortune of the day, but at length a spear-wound in the arm put him *hors du combat*, and from that moment the success of his party became more

than doubtful. The chief, who kept at a convenient distance from the scene of action, was unfortunately espied and taken prisoner. When the Bedouins found themselves without a commander, the disorder became complete, and the motto of each was *sauve qui peut*. Mourad was encompassed by a host of howling Arabs, whose shouts were sufficient to terrify the soul of any one unaccustomed to such a war-whoop. But wounded as he was, he succeeded in fighting his way through the enemy, bearing down a host of his adversaries at every step, and leaving the impression on their minds that they had been vanquished by a superhuman arm. In the mean time the assailants had fled in terrible disorder to their camp, pursued by their foes, and harassed by them at every step. Mourad took an opposite direction, by that part of the camp where the women and children were stationed, awaiting the issue of the conflict; dozens of them fled screaming as he ran past them, some uttering imprecations on his head, others throwing handsful of dust in the air, and shrieking like so many gouls. At the door of one of the tents, the fugitive observed a horse picketed,

the accoutrements by his side. To throw the saddle on his back, and the bridle on his neck, was the work of a minute; with his sword he cut the cord which bound his fore-feet to the stake, and, ere his pursuers were at hand, he was mounted on the back of as noble a steed as ever bore a Bedouin over the sands of the desert. For two good hours he never pulled a rein; now and then he looked behind him, and had a distant view of his pursuers; but so far from gaining on him, they became every moment more indistinct, till at length he lost sight of them altogether. All night long he pursued his journey, totally unacquainted with the route, and unprovided with any of the necessaries of life; the fatigue of the conflict and the flight, the want of refreshment for so many hours, had worn him out, and completely exhausted him. Tormented with thirst, he glanced his eye in every direction as he galloped on in search of a well; but the customary verdure, which is the indication of the fountain, was no where to be seen. The sun was now beaming in all its fierceness on the arid soil, and the sultry vapour rolled in waves over the burn-

ing sands. The sky for some time had been assuming a lurid yellow tint, and the wind blew from the south as if it issued from the mouth of a heated oven. Gradually the sun became eclipsed, and the heat became intolerable; while the swift simoom every moment bore a new gust of poison from the south, and contaminated the wholesome air with its oppressive breath. The burning sands were blown about in a thousand whirlwinds, and a suffocating vapour swept over the soil, threatening destruction to every living creature that came within its pestiferous vortex. In vain did Mourad look round him for a shelter; on every side the horizon was bounded by an ocean of agitated sands. He breathed with difficulty, he felt a burning heat within him, but no perspiration moistened the dry skin; his parched tongue clove to his palate, his limbs became enervated; when he dismounted from his panting steed, his exhaustion was so great he could hardly keep his legs. The horse seemed to share the sufferings of the rider; he trembled all over, and snorted as he snuffed up the suffocating air; he seemed almost instinctively to lie down and

keep his nose to the sand, in order to escape the sweeping gust of the Kamsin. Mourad lay prostrate beside his steed, his head enveloped in his blanket, and his limbs half buried in the accumulating sands. His thirst became more intolerable, his lips clove together, and the fibres of his parched throat grew more rigid every instant, till at length it seemed as if the whole arid surface was splitting into a thousand fissures. Had the wealth of the universe been his, he would have given it all for one blessed draught of cold water. The pangs of raging thirst momentarily increased, and the intensity of suffering sent a thrill from the bosom to the brain, and threatened the mind with madness. A thousand horrible fancies suggested themselves to his soul: one moment it appeared as if he were tossing on a sea of molten lead; at another instant as if a legion of infernal beings were breathing a burning atmosphere around him: and in the midst of all his sufferings, the horrible consciousness of approaching frenzy was present to his mind. He believed it was written that his unfortunate career was to terminate in the desert; that the

journey of his life was to end even where he lay. One moment he prayed to Allah to release him from the torments he endured, the next he uttered incoherent curses on the heads of the Bedouins, and on the father of the Delhi, who carried him into the wilderness. Distraction at length seemed to have taken possession of his soul; he gashed his arm with his sword, and sucked the streaming blood with all the avidity of a famished maniac. In the madness of the moment, he would probably have proceeded to the commission of some more fatal act, had not nature sunk under the accumulation of such misery, and a state of insensibility ensued. How long he continued in that condition he knew not, but when he came to his senses, he found himself in the midst of a caravan, surrounded by Arabs, and his horse by his side, drinking at a hollow scooped in the sand, and covered with a sheep-skin. His own head and neck he found had been plentifully bathed by the Arabs; and when he awoke, one of them was kneeling by his side, holding a vessel of water to his lips. His blessing was all he could give to his charitable attendant; he put

his hand to his girdle, but he recollected the Bedouins had stripped him of every thing."

"Ah, Bedowee!" said the Arab, "these Turks, whose beards are hateful to our souls, are not all kafirs alike; had it not been for my master, Suleiman Aga, you and your poor horse would have been left to perish."

"Suleiman Aga!" cried Mourad, in accents almost unintelligible to the Arab: "Who is he, I beseech you, and whence comes he?"

"He was the Aga of Bournarbashi," replied the Arab; "he is coming from Anatolia, and is proceeding, like a pious hadgi, on a pilgrimage to the holy city. Perhaps you have known some one of his name; but my master it is impossible that you can have known, for he is making the pilgrimage for the first time, and, I fear, for the last, unless it please God to cure him of the fever he caught at Cyprus. For some days after our setting out," continued the Arab, "he was well enough to sit his camel and smoke his pipe all day long, but now he is forced to travel like a woman, in a pannier, and has not asked his totoun-bashi for a pipe the last three days."

"He must be ill indeed," said Mourad, "if he cannot smoke; but how came he to observe me? Was he the first to see me? and is it to his compassion I owe my life?"

"One of the guides," replied the Arab, "was the first to perceive your horse, and, on approaching the spot, to see you extended like a corpse on the sands. It was he who informed the Aga of his finding a horse standing over the dead body of his master, who had probably been suffocated in the late Kamsin. The Aga would not suffer the guide to take away the steed of the poor Bedouin, without ascertaining himself that the last spark of life had departed from the body. Sick as he was himself, from the terrible effects of the suffocating wind, he rode to the spot, and bade me pull the blanket from your face, and pour some water over your parched lips. While I did so, you revived, and the Aga had his tent pitched at a little distance, being worn out with the sufferings he endured during the Kamsin. But how does it happen," continued the Arab, "that you do not talk like the other Bedouins of this desert? Is your tribe of the Hedjaz, that your tongue

is so different from that of the tribes of Sahara?"

"No," replied Mourad, "my tribe is not of the Hedjaz; the tents of my people are pitched in the green wadis of Barrh-el-Cham, and our dialect is not that of the Hansirs hereabouts. I am a wandering hakkim of the wilderness, going about to see where I can do good; and, in my beneficent pursuit, it has been my misfortune to have fallen into the hands of a hostile tribe, and I have reason to account myself happy to have escaped their claws, with no worse injury than this spear-wound in my arm. But it grieves me," continued the impostor, "to hear that this kind master of yours, to whose clemency I am so much indebted, should be so ill as you represent him to be. The inhospitable desert is a sad place for a sick man, and even for the healthy it is a melancholy abode; where wealth is scarce, and water is not abundant; where a physician is not to be found to look after the body, nor a priest to be hired to follow the remains. But Heaven, notwithstanding, is sufficient for us all; the same shadow of the Apostle, which spreads its blessed

influence on the palace of the Prince, overhangs the tent of the Bedouin. But a few minutes ago, the angel of Death was hovering over my head, and Providence sent your compassionate master to my succour; and now my benefactor stands in need of a physician, and it has pleased Heaven to throw me in his path."

"Wallah el Nebi!" cried the Arab, "these are wonderful words — you a hakkim? you who were just now on the brink of eternity, the healer of the sick? By the beard of the Prophet! if there be any truth in your callam, your speech would be paid with gold. I will run and tell my master we have a hakkim in the desert. Mashallah! praise be to Allah for all his goodness!"

"Go!" exclaimed Mourad, "I am indebted to your master more than I can repay with words; but if it please the Apostle, I will manifest my gratitude by deeds of service."

CHAPTER XIII.

It is a great deal better to have a quiet and settled mind, lying upon the ground, than to have much trouble on a bed of gold. PYTHAGORAS.

THE extraordinary excitement produced by the Arab's intelligence, removed all at once the exhaustion of Mourad, as if by magic. He was no longer the poor pallid wretch, famished and attenuated, he so lately appeared to be; his haggard features brightened up, his dim eyes sparkled, and the limbs that only now seemed to totter under their weight, suddenly acquired an unwonted vigour.

"Praise be to the Prophet!" exclaimed he, "whose propitious influence has preserved me from a thousand deaths, and brought me to the enjoyment of this blessed day to behold the

destroyer of my mother's peace, to look upon the robber of my father's life. The long account of vengeance has been only partially settled; one great item of blood remains to be added before it be finally cast up. Every thing seems to conspire to facilitate revenge, as if the unerring hand of justice directed every step, and put my mortal enemy into my path for the especial purpose of permitting me to wreak destruction on his head. My garb, my late accident, the alteration in my looks, all favour my disguise. Who that beheld me ten years ago, with the bloom of youth, and health, and innocence on my cheek, would now recognise these weather-beaten features, scarred, and disfigured as they are, and furrowed with the lines of every crime and passion? Grant, Holy Prophet! they remain undiscovered; enable me to steal into his heart, and infirm as he is, if there be such a thing as conscience in his breast, I will wring it with every torture of remorse, till he writhe in the agonies of death, and mingle with his last gasp the imprecations of despair."

The Arab put an end to his supplication to the beneficent Apostle, by bringing a summons from the Aga for his immediate attendance. Mourad followed the messenger to the tent of the sick hadgi, pulling his Bedouin head-gear over his brows as he went along, and disposing his Arab blanket on his person so as thoroughly to conceal his figure. On entering the tent of the Aga, it was with difficulty he could repress the emotions which thrilled through his heart; there lay his deadly enemy before him in the character of his preserver, as he had once been in that of his father and benefactor, now claiming his services as a hakkim, as he had once done his affections as a child, and destined to find the former no more than the latter claim allowed.

The head of the sick man was enveloped in his Arab cloak, when Mourad approached him. "The peace of Allah be upon you!" said the latter; "the poor Bedouin your clemency has rescued from the brink of the grave, has come to thank you, Effendi, and to lay the proffer of his services at your feet, and, if it be your will to accept them, to restore you to health."

The invalid slowly threw back the covering from his face, and regarded intently the features of the speaker, as if he was desirous of scrutinizing the physiognomy of the hakkim in whose skill he was about to trust his life. Mourad's glance at the same time was fixed on the Aga, and the fear of recognition was merged in the astonishment he felt at observing the alteration in the looks of the ex-governor: his features no longer bluff, his figure no longer portly, and every indication of the rude health of fat, contented ignorance, and insolent authority completely gone. He lay extended on his carpet, shivering beneath a pile of cloaks and blankets, notwithstanding the heat of the tent was such as the attendants could hardly endure. The fine bold features of the proud Moslem were shrunken and collapsed, the fire of his fierce glance was subdued, and the scorn of his full lip was changed into the sad gesture of suffering and complaint.

Mourad could hardly bring himself to believe he was gazing on the dignified figure of the governor of Bournarbashi, but the well-known sound of his voice, hollow as it now was, left

no doubt as to the identity of the Aga. He addressed our hero in a low tone in his native tongue; but the latter gave him to understand he knew no language but his own, whereon Suleiman put the few words of Arabic he was acquainted with in requisition, and made himself sufficiently intelligible to the hakkim.

"Young man," said he, "if men's faces had any thing to do with their professions, I would have taken you for a soldier rather than a physician; perhaps you are both; and if you excel in either, your friends have reason to praise God for your ability. An indifferent physician may make an excellent soldier, for obvious reasons; but it follows not that a good soldier is sure to make a skilful doctor. However, if you are skilled in the cure of diseases, I have as much need of your succour, as you very lately had of mine. Feel my pulse, tell me what is the matter with me, and whether it be written I am to get over this malady, or to leave my bones in this detestable wilderness; whatever be the issue, the will of Allah be done in all things!"

Mourad approached the patient; he assumed

all the stupid gravity of medical imposition, as he put his fingers on the pulse, and after a long pause he delivered his opinions of the malady in these words.—"Since the beginning of the world, Effendi, in all ages, and in all countries, men have sickened, have been doctored, and have died, and their friends have mourned over their tombs for a few days, and they have been forgotten. But of all the maladies that ever depopulated the earth, a fever in the blood is the hottest of all diseases, and therefore the most fatal. Do not be alarmed, Effendi, for although of the millions who have been swept away, none of them have had more reason to tremble for the awful event, yet what is writ is writ, and if it please God you will yet recover."

The sick man looked aghast at this portentous intelligence.

"The hakkim, Effendi," continued the speaker, "who derives all his knowledge from human studies, may impose on the credulity of fools, and hold the language of delusive hope to the sick man's ear, while he nauseates his stomach with unavailing drugs. The firmament, Effendi, has been my book; an astrological medicine has

been my study. During the interval of your servant's absence, I have consulted your horoscope, and not only perused the secret of your destiny, but made myself acquainted with the history of your life."

The dim eyes of the sick man were riveted on the features of the astrologer. "Juggler!" cried he, in a faint voice, "think not to impose upon me with your impudent devices. Feeble as I am, if you are fool enough to think to laugh at my beard, I will undeceive you with a vengeance."

"Effendi," replied our hero, "you are a noble Moslem, I am a poor Bedouin; but for all the substance of your haznah, I would not stoop to tell a lie. If I be mistaken in the interpretation of the stars, the error is not wilful, and my words ought to give you no offence. If in the horoscope I have cast, I have found tablets writ in blood, and names inscribed thereon of which you have no knowledge, the fault is in the stars which misled me; for what malice have I to gratify in bringing things before you which appear to give you pain?"

"By the soul of your father!" exclaimed

Suleiman, "speak the whole truth! What tablets of blood are these you speak of? What names are written on them?"

"It is better, worthy Aga," said Mourad, "you seek to know no further; I did not mean to call up the memory of long-forgotten crimes, to rip up the wounds which time has cicatrized, and to torture you on your death-bed with topics which cannot fail to turn your heart's blood into compunctious water-drops. My intention only was to prove to you that my words were those of truth, that the stars were the unerring sources of my knowledge. But, farewell, Effendi—I repent of what I have spoken, since it seems to have disturbed you. Heaven grant my injudicious attempt to do you service, tend not to shorten the span of existence which is already drawing to a close, or to shake the few sands which are yet left in the glass of life!"

He turned from the bedside to leave the tent as he ceased speaking; but the terrified invalid, whose death-like aspect during this interview became every moment more apparent, called back the Bedouin, and conjured him by

all that was precious to his soul, to terminate his suspense, and tell him the tablets and their inscriptions.

Mourad stood marking with horrible satisfaction the change which had taken place in the appearance of the sick man ever since his entrance; he hesitated for some time to comply with the request of the Aga. At length, after torturing him with innumerable expressions of his consideration for his feelings, and his state of infirmity, he begged him to listen with composure, while he explained to him the mysterious nature of the tablets of his horoscope.

"They were written, Effendi," said he, "as I informed you, in characters of blood. The name of Michelaki was written upon one, and that of Emineh on another; over each was suspended a sword, pointing to an effigy, beneath which was that of Suleiman of Bournarbashi."

The sick man uttered a loud groan, and fell senseless on his pillow. Mourad gazed on the cold, shrunken features of his victim, with the malignant expression of delight of a triumphant fiend. The servants, who had heard the groan of their master, rushed into the tent; they

found the hakkim chafing his cold hands, and apparently as much grieved as themselves at the sudden change which had taken place during their absence. A hundred questions were put to Mourad in a breath, as to the best means to be employed for restoring their poor master; but fortunately, perhaps, for him, the hakkim had no medicine to administer, and the only answer they got was a shake of the head, and a consolatory assurance that God was most merciful! and that what was written in the book of life was not to be wiped out. But the immediate apprehensions of the domestics were removed by the gradual recovery of sense and motion, which at length took place in the patient: he opened his dim eyes, and looked around, with the vacant stare of one awakening from a dream. The Arabs said he was exhausted, and that a dish of his favourite pilau would restore him. A bowl of smoking rice and burnt butter was laid before him; but he waved his hand, and turned away, to have it removed from his sight. His pipe-bearer fetched his chibouque; he made an effort to put it to his lips, but the odour of the tobacco

was more than he could endure; he threw down the pipe, and asked for cold water; and from that moment the Arabs despaired of his recovery. Mourad kept at a distance from the bed, and when an opportunity was afforded, he slipped unperceived out of the tent. All that night the patient made no inquiry for the doctor; but at the dawn, the latter was summoned to his bedside, and from the exhaustion of his countenance, and the general anxiety of his features, it was easy to perceive he had passed a sleepless night.

"How do you feel, Effendi?" said Mourad, in a tone of solicitude; "I trust you have passed a comfortable night, and have been more calm and composed than when I left you." As he spoke, he took hold of the damp hand that was tossing on the bed-clothes; the fingers were cold and rigid, and the pulse was hardly perceptible at the wrist. "Terror and remorse," thought Mourad, "have done their work; a little more of each will complete my vengeance."

It was with difficulty Suleiman could answer the inquiry of our hero; his voice had become hollow, and his accents broken, and the first

words he articulated showed the fatal impression the prognostic of the astrologer had made on his distempered imagination.

"Hakkim," said he, "is there no hope left? must I surely die?"—Mourad held down his head, and made no reply to the question.

"I understand your silence," continued the sick man: "the die is cast, my doom is fixed, and it only remains for me to meet it as becomes a true believer. At my birth, my being was derived from Allah, and to him it is fitting after death that my soul should again return. If my passions have been my master, their reign is at an end; if I have wandered an exile in the wilderness, a stronger arm than the Sultan's has put an end to my disgrace. Death sets the slave at liberty, and carries the banished man home. It opens the door of paradise to the true believer, and ushers him into everlasting joys. The shadow of the Apostle, the smiles of a thousand houries,"—(the features of the dying man brightened up as he proceeded,)—"the fruit of the blessed Tuba, the wine of the sacred fountain, the musk of the delightful bowers, the kiosks of hollow pearls, and the pavement of

bright rubies—these, O hakkim! but above all celestial pleasures, beside the contemplation of the great throne, the company of the immortal maidens who throng around the tent of every Moslem—these, I say, are the rewards which are destined for those who die, like good Moslems, in the faith of Islam."

The exertion of recapitulating the joys of the happy place was too much for the strength of the sick man. He lay quite exhausted for some minutes, and from the agony that was visible in his countenance, it seemed as if the recollection of the promised blessings of the Koran had failed to reconcile him to his fate. With the unavailing earnestness of a drowning man grasping at a straw, he still clung to the hope of preserving life; and turning to Mourad, he supplicated for relief in the most abject terms, and besought him, by some exertion of his superhuman knowledge, to rescue him from the grave. Like no small number of his countrymen, he seemed to waver in the doctrines of predestination in the time of extremity, and manifested much more unwillingness to leave the world than nine infidels out of ten would have

done, who had no houries to receive them with open arms at the gates of Paradise, no delicious odours and delectable repasts to gratify their senses.

"Alas! Effendi, it would be useless to delude you with the language of hope, when the words of destiny are written, and the decree is unavoidable. But how enviable is it to die like you with the consolation of a good conscience, torn by no regrets, and tortured by no remorse! How soothing to the spirit at the moment of its departure from the body is a consciousness like yours of having acted justly by all men, and of deserving the rewards which are promised to all *good* Moslems! Ah! Effendi, how happy is it like you to die with all the consolations which a self-approving bosom can afford, the blood of no victim to appear on the hands which are lifted in supplication, the injury of no innocent woman to bury the hopes of the future in the horrors of the past, and the wrongs of no orphan to force their recollection on the sinking heart, and to make a hell-couch of the death-bed!"

The sick man writhed as if the agonies of death had already seized on his vitals; he toss-

ed his tortured frame from side to side, and held up his poor hands with pitiful entreaty, to stop the mouth of his Temmanite consoler. But no entreaty could prevail on the latter to relax in his zeal: he was called on, he said, to fulfil the duties of the friendly office he had undertaken, and through them he must go, whatever was the consequence.

"Yes, Effendi," he continued, "I am bound by my calling to give you all the comfort you stand in need of; and thoroughly persuaded as I am of the goodness of your life, I feel no hesitation in pointing out to you the blessings which are reserved for the virtuous. Had you been like some wicked Moslems, stained with crimes, and steeped to the very lips in infamy; branded, perhaps, as a murderer, and stigmatized as a cold-hearted seducer, bringing madness and misery on the head of a poor wretched woman, it might be impious to talk to you of comfort here or hope hereafter."

The Aga made a dying effort to call his servants to his assistance, but his tongue was paralysed, the cold perspiration of death was trickling over his forehead; but his tormentor affected

to take no notice of his condition; and, as his faculties seemed to fail him, he stooped over the death-bed, and poured his soul-harrowing words into the ears of the expiring man.

"The horoscope," continued he, "spoke of murder and dishonour; your name was written on the tablet of the murderer, and the names of Michelaki and Emineh on those of the victims. But the stars were mistaken which furnished the astharlab; it never could be that Suleiman Aga was the author of such villainy as the blood-red tablets imputed to him? Were it so, who would condescend to hold communion with such a miscreant? who would not spit upon the beard of the assassin, and throw the burning ashes of hatred on the head of the destroyer of peace and purity? Who would not laugh at his distress when anguish wrung his breast? who would not rejoice at his despair when he shuddered, on his death-bed, at the prospect of eternity? and who would not expect to hear the imprecations of remorse mingled with the last accents of mortal apprehension which rattled in his throat and quivered on his lips?"

Suleiman no longer manifested any outward

signs of internal torture; the death-film was fast spreading over the fixed eye-balls, and the rigid muscles of the drawn features were only moved by the convulsive twitches of the last agony. If there were one ray of pity in the bosom of the tormentor, the spectacle of his dying victim might have made a pause in vengeance: but no human feelings seemed to actuate his breast; he prosecuted his unrelenting purpose to the last gasp, and a few minutes before the wretched man expired, he abandoned the tone of irony that had hitherto been his weapon, and finished his deadly work with the avowal of his name.

"Yes!" he exclaimed, putting his mouth close to the ear of the expiring Aga, "Mourad, the son of Michelaki, the child of Emineh, is sent by unerring justice to agonize the last moments of the murderer, to dash every hope of peace and happiness from his prospect."

The last death-throe followed the terrible denunciation of the speaker; a faint motion of the lips, and a moan, hardly audible even to his enemy, terminated the struggle.

CHAPTER XIV.

Away with me all you whose souls abhor
The uncleanly savours of a slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with the smell of sin.

King John.

THE vehemence with which Mourad clapped his hands and called for assistance, soon brought the whole caravan about the tent of the deceased hadgi.

"Ah, my good friends!" cried he to the servants, "you have lost a noble master; the Aga is dead, and all goodness is gone with him. There is no stability in the world: last week the man was in health, yesterday he was in life, and to-day he is a corpse. As the dew-drop trembles on the leaf of the lotus, so totters life on the brink of eternity. Alas, my friends! man's breath is like water poured out of a bar-

dac, the earth swallows it up, and it never appears more. Ah, what a lesson for mor tality is this spectacle before us! what a warning to all of us to walk like good Moslems in the presence of the Apostle! But, alas! nobody thinks of an hereafter! the infant is so long unconscious of his being; the boy is so long taken up with his pastime; the stripling is so much engaged with his passions; the old man is so occupied with his infirmities, that no one has leisure to bestow a thought on the Supreme Being."

"Wallah callaam thab!" exclaimed the Arabs; "this is a wise saying of the stranger, he speaks like an Imam."

"The poor Aga was destined to leave his bones in the desert, and the decree is duly accomplished; it only remains for the sheik of the caravan to take possession of his effects, and to prepare the body for the tomb."

The most experienced of the Arabs accordingly stepped forward; one tied the great toes together, another pressed down the eyelids with his thumbs, a third crammed cotton into the ears and mouth, and another having removed

the apparel, commenced rubbing the body with sand ; an allowable ablution in the wilderness where no water can be spared for the purpose.

As the caravan was setting out that evening, the burial was performed even while the corpse was yet warm; the Arabs scraped up a few handsful of sand ; the remains of the poor Aga were deposited in the hollow, and the Sheik of the caravan having pronounced the profession of faith over the corpse, the sand was thrown over it, and in a few hours the funeral attendants were proceeding on their journey, as heedless of the hadgi they had left behind, as if such a person as Suleiman of Bournarbashi had never existed. One man only of the host forgot not the ceremony he had witnessed ; the scene of the death-bed was present to his mind, and if lightness of step and levity of look be any criterion of the emotions of the heart, it would seem that the horrors he had beheld had given little pain to the breast of Mourad. Next morning he parted with the caravan, and finding that Suez was only four hours' distant, he imitated the economy of the camel, by laying in a good stock of water for the journey, and fol-

lowed the route pointed out by the guides, which he was in no danger of mistaking, as he found stones piled in the sand at intervals of a league or so, till he reached his destination. It was with difficulty he could procure a lodging in the town; two caravans of pilgrims had been waiting there for several weeks the departure of the fleet for Jedda, so that every khan in Suez was occupied by the hadgis. Mourad rejoiced at the circumstance, great as was his trouble to find accommodation for himself and his steed. He lost no time in making inquiries for the Delhi he was in pursuit of; and to his no small satisfaction he found that the Delhi was still in the town, detained, like the other pilgrims, by contrary winds.

The warrant he had received from the Pacha for the head of his enemy he had succeeded in rescuing from the hands of the Bedouins, and for security he had sewed it in the crown of his skull-cap. He was still in his Bedouin costume when he presented himself before the divan of the Governor, and solicited a private audience.

The Governor hesitated much before he complied with the entreaty; he did not altogether

like the appearance of the stranger; and when Mourad produced the document, bearing the signature of the Pacha, the colour fled from his cheek, and he trembled from head to foot, as if he fancied his own death-warrant was in the hands of a disguised Capidgi-bashi. Mourad observed his consternation, and he hastened to remove it, by whispering in the ear of the affrighted officer, that the order was only for the head of one of the hadgis in the town, whose name and rank he mentioned in a still lower voice, in order to prevent any untimely disclosure. The Governor breathed as if his soul was again his own; he took the paper in his hand; he read it over with a beaming eye of satisfaction, and when he found the title of byn-bashi was prefixed to Mourad's name, and that the Bedouin was even a greater man than a Capidgi-bashi, he lavished a thousand demonstrations of respect, and vowed all the heads of the hadgis in Suez were at the disposal of the Pacha and his illustrious byn-bashi.

"It was not," he said, "the first hadgi he had taken off, nor the first man in disgrace who had been sent to make the pilgrimage to Mecca, but

had got no further than Suez. Do you want his head?" said he to his visitor, "or is it immaterial to you how he is dispatched?"

"His life is all I want," replied Mourad, "and the possession of the woman he has stolen from El Masr."

"Then nothing is more easily accomplished than his death," said the Governor: "at sunset I will invite him to the divan; I am intimate with him, and as we have smoked many pipes together, he will not fail to attend the summons. The coffee shall be well drugged, and unless he has ten men's lives in his bosom, he will sleep more soundly to-morrow than he has ever done. You must be present, and be sure to attend, even as you are now attired, at the asser."

Mourad took his leave of the Governor and returned to his lodgings, where he found a courier in waiting, who had been dispatched to him from El Masr, with a letter from the friend who had the charge of his affairs. It informed him, that after his departure the female friend with whom Zuleika had resided had been discovered, and that upon making an inquiry at

her abode, to the astonishment of the applicant, it was ascertained that Zuleika, so far from having accompanied the Delhi, was no longer in his power, and had been an inmate in her kinswoman's harem from the period of his departure from El Mâsr; that the health of the poor maiden, which had long been declining, had become so much impaired by the terror she had endured, that her friends were alarmed for her safety. It finished by acquainting him that the woman who accompanied the Delhi, and who had been taken for Zuleika, was a christian slave from the country of the Roumi.

Mourad was all amazement at the intelligence; a host of conflicting emotions agitated his bosom; the knowledge that his beloved Zuleika was in a place of safety brought tears of pleasure to his eyes, but they were frozen in the lids when he thought of the suffering she had undergone, and the shock, perhaps a fatal one, they had produced on a delicate constitution.

He cursed the madness which had urged him on an unprofitable journey, when prudence might have enabled him to have discovered the

object of his search, and to have bestowed on her all the soothing attentions which her declining health required.

That night he resolved to return to El Masr; the Delhi was to be disposed of, and the woman who accompanied him was to be seen, in order to be thoroughly assured of the truth of the communication he had received, before he returned to the capital.

But ere the appointed hour arrived for meeting the Governor, he began to regret having put the death-warrant of the Delhi into his hands, and to think of the means of putting money in his purse without taking the life of his victim. How Zuleika had obtained her freedom he knew not; whether she had been ransomed, or generously given up to her friends; but however she had obtained her liberty, the merit of the manumission pleaded more powerfully in the Delhi's behalf, than the recollection of the treacherous wound he had given did against him.

The muezzins were announcing the hour of sunset prayer from the mosques, when Mourad returned to the house of the Governor; he found the Delhi sitting with his host, discours-

ing familiarly, and smoking their chibouques like two bosom friends.

The Governor greeted the Bedouin at his entrance with a friendly salaam; he bade him sit on his right hand, and presented him with his own pipe; an honour which the Delhi could not comprehend his motive for paying to a Bedouin. The darkness of the chamber prevented the visitors of the Governor from distinguishing each other's features. The conversation turned on arms, and the Governor asked the Delhi for a sight of his pistols, which, from the look of them, he had no doubt, he said, were real English. The pistols were immediately produced, and the Governor took care to shake the priming out of the pans as he examined them, and then returned them to the owner. He then procured a sight of the sabre, which he managed, as if accidentally, to keep possession of while he commenced a learned harangue on the superiority of Damascus blades. In the mean time the Delhi had riveted his eyes on the features of Mourad, and putting back the window-shutter beside him, which had been half closed, he stared more intently than ever at the

Bedouin, and after a short pause, he asked him the last news from El Masr?

The Governor did not give Mourad time to answer the question:—

"What, Hadgi," said he, "are you mad, to ask a Bedouin of the wilderness about the walled town of El Masr? This poor Arab is a friend of mine, who has never been out of the desert, except now and then in a city like Suez, which stands in the midst of it: what, then, can he know of the news of El Masr?

"Effendi," said the Hadgi, as the coffee was brought into the apartment; "I feel a sudden indisposition. I will retire for half an hour, and return, if it please God. I feel worse than you can imagine. I pray you to excuse me; I will return very shortly, I assure you."

"It is a sudden illness, Hadgi," said the Governor, as the Delhi rose to depart; "sit down, I command you. Do you call yourself my friend, and think of leaving my house when refreshment is at the door? Staffer Allah! this is not courteous; be seated, and when you have taken a cup of coffee, depart, in God's name, if you will."

The fingers of the Delhi were fumbling about his pistols, and when he found both pans deprived of their priming, and observed his sword still in the hands of the Governor, it was evident, from the inquietude of his look, that he suspected every thing was not right.

"Indeed, Effendi," cried he, "I am so ill, I cannot possibly remain;" and without waiting for a reply, he approached the door with a rapid step.

The Governor clapped his hands thrice, and the door was instantly pulled to, and locked on the outside; the only attendant who remained within was the slave who held the fatal coffee on a salver.

The aspect of the swarthy executioner was enough to turn the hot blood cold of the victim who encountered his sinister regard. He was an elderly negro, deformed in his person, and disfigured in his countenance, with several scars across his cheek, in the way the Dongola tribes are wont to score the features of their children. Art had done much in giving ferocity to his features, and Nature assisted the expression, by giving him an obliquity of vision,

which made his countenance so repugnant, as to render it painful to regard him.

While the Delhi stood midway between the door and the divan, pale as a corpse, and his quivering lips unconsciously apart, the monster of a negro repeatedly came smirking before him, presenting the poisoned cup, and elevating his shrill voice, to remind him that the coffee was getting cold.

"Drink it, man," cried the Governor; "what are you afraid of? if I wanted your life, what is there to prevent me bidding a soldier cut your throat, or to hinder me from beckoning to that negro to twist his cord about your neck? Drink, man; have we not eat and drank together, smoked and laughed together, before now? Why, then, do you insult me by these unworthy suspicions? Wallah-el-Nebi, my good Hadgi, by Allah and the Prophet! you have nothing to apprehend."

The Delhi looked at the Governor, then at Mourad, and then at the negro; and when he withdrew his glance from the last, every horrible suspicion, which terrified his soul, was converted into an appalling certainty. The

perspiration poured down his forehead; he drew his sleeve across his brow, and then shaking his impotent hand at Mourad, he cried out in a trembling tone — "Blood-seeking kafir, disguised as you are, I know you; silent as you sit there, I read your murderous mission in your looks."

"Then if you do so," cried the Governor, "secrecy is superfluous. Behold the Pacha's order for your head! behold the signature of the Viceroy of the Sultan, and if you are a good Moslem, and would gain the crown of martyrdom, which awaits every Mussulman who bows submissively to the mandate of his Sovereign, you will yield like a child of Islam to the decree which destiny has pronounced, and refrain from an opposition to the Divine will, which can serve no purpose. In the name of Allah, and by the authority of the Prince, I command you instantly to drink the cup which is presented to you."

The unfortunate Delhi threw himself at the feet of the Governor. "Spare me, Effendi," he exclaimed; "I conjure you by all that is precious to your soul — by the hospitality I

have received in your house — by the bread and salt I have eaten under your roof — by the words of friendship we have spoken together — by all that binds man to his fellow-creature, save me, I beseech you."

"Alas!" cried the Governor, "it is ever the fortune of friendship to be repaid with ingratitude. When I received this order for your head, instead of suffering it to be mangled by the hands of a brutal executioner, I devised this gentlest mode of ridding you of the load of life, and had you been a reasonable man you would have drunk this coffee, gone home and died, and never suffered one pang of anguish. But now you force me to be cruel; you crawl about my feet, and cling to my beneesh, and oblige me to call in the soldiers to drag you hence, and dispatch you with unseemly wounds in the public court-yard. Then, since you will have it so, your blood be on your own head!"

The Governor was in the act of clapping his hands to call in the attendants, when the wretched man raised himself from the ground, and besought the Governor to stop for a moment. He said, he submitted to his fate; he was a

Moslem, and knew the precepts of the law, and his dependance was on its promises." He took the fatal document out of the hands of the Governor, pressed it to his lips, he raised it to his forehead, and said he obeyed it.

The horrid negro came grinning with the salver to the victim, he stirred up the cup with the handle of his knife, he talked about the sugar going to the bottom, and his fears that the coffee had become cold. While the poor Delhi was shuddering at the sight of it, the recollection of his family flashed across his mind; he addressed a last entreaty to his murderer, that the money he had about him might be given to his poor wife. He had two little boys, he said, in El Masr, and they had no friend in the wide world to protect or assist them when he was gone. The Governor protested his widow should have the last para he possessed, and every article of his attire, even to his sherwals.

"Then all is over with me!" exclaimed the Delhi, taking the fatal cup from the hands of the negro. "Bismillahi allrahmand allraheimi!" he cried aloud, raising the cup to his lips, "In

the name of the most clement and merciful Creator !"

"Pause, man !" exclaimed Mourad, descending from the divan on which he had hitherto remained immovable; "give back the cup to the slave;" and then addressing himself to the Governor, he said, "Since this man, Effendi, is your friend, I am willing, if it be possible, to preserve his life. I have a proposition to make to him; I pray you let me retire with him to an adjoining chamber to talk over the matter."

The Governor looked highly displeased at Mourad's interruption. He said it could not be; the Pacha had sent him the order to execute, and he was answerable for it, and therefore its execution was indispensable. He talked very big about his authority, and his determination to suffer no man to trifle with it.

"Look you, Effendi," replied Mourad, "the Delhi can inform you how I stand in the favour of Mohamed Ali; he can tell you it would have been as easy a matter for me to bring an order for your head, as for that of your friend the hadgi. It is my intention to defer the fate of this man till I have some conversation with

him, and woe be to him who presumes to interfere with my pleasure."

The Governor lowered his tone all at once; he declared he meant to give no offence to the byn-bashi, Heaven forbid! Whether it was his pleasure that the Delhi should live or die, no one in his house should dare to gainsay his commands. Indeed, if his friend the Delhi could be spared, it would afford him inexpressible delight; his only fear was the displeasure of the Pacha.

"My deeds be on my head," cried Mourad; "none but me are answerable for them. Follow me," cried he to the Delhi, "to the adjoining chamber; the Effendi will preserve us from intrusion for the few minutes we remain there."

Mourad and the Delhi entered an alcove at the bottom of the apartment. When the former had closed the door, he bade his victim listen with attention to the proposition he had to offer him. "I do not want your blood," said he, "one act of your life has entitled you to some consideration. The wound your treacherous hand inflicted would entitle me to the price of

blood, and all the substance of your tribe would be a poor compensation for the sufferings I have undergone; but I leave you to wonder hereafter at the moderation of my demand, when for the boon of life I ask nothing but the paltry girdle which encircles you. There is no time to waste words; a single objection seals your doom; I wait for your decision."

The Delhi tore open his dress with more alacrity than ever a man did who was about parting with his purse; he unbuckled his girdle and presented it to Mourad, who thrust it into his bosom, so well satisfied with its weight that he thought not of exacting any farther ransom. He then quitted the apartment, and entering the divan, he informed the Governor that the Delhi and he had come to an amicable understanding, and that there would be no necessity for the services of the negro.

The Delhi entreated, before the most compassionate of byn-bashis left the house, that the warrant might be destroyed of which he was the honoured bearer.

The Governor hemmed and hawed, and fid-

dled with the document, and talked of the present his negro and his Capigi bashi would expect for the trouble they had had.

The poor Delhi stood aghast, but Mourad relieved his anxiety by taking upon him to arrange the matter.

"I verily believe, Effendi," said he, "this hadgi is as poor as a santon, and cannot afford to make the present which he certainly ought to make, if he had the means. Perhaps I can better afford to make some little offering worthy of your excellency's servants;" and with that he extracted a handful of gold pieces from the girdle which had just come into his possession, and counted down two hundred piastres on the sofa, which he begged the Governor to accept for the trouble his servants had been occasioned.

The Governor behaved with all the courteousness that could be expected from so dignified a personage; he pocketed the money, and presented the warrant to Mourad, who destroyed it in the face of the Delhi. Before he retired, he put one question to him concerning the woman who accompanied him, and on receiving

the assurance that she was of the sect and country which his friend's letter had represented her to be, he took leave of the Governor and his friend, and before an hour was on the high road to El Masr.

CHAPTER XV.

Hail, grisly monarch of the grave!
I greet thee as becomes a slave;
As one who's subject to thy law—
All thanks to her he never saw—
No matter, hail! for still thou art
The solace of the broken heart,
The final refuge of poor mortals,
Who seek lost peace within thy portals.
The wise sink calmly on thy breast,
The weary fly to thee for rest;
The wretched woo thee to their bed,
To ease the tortured heart and head,
And with no fears invest the grave,
The shroud, the coffin, or the cave.

The Babaresque.

ZULEIKA'S existence, from the period of Mourad's departure from her father's house, had been one long scene of suffering. The mysterious disappearance of Achmet, the robbery of the Aga's haznah, the girl's close inti-

macy with the fugitive, and the confidential terms of their acquaintance, were combined by the malice of Yussuf's mother, and made the groundwork of Suleiman's suspicions.

Deprived of her father's favour, she was exposed to every indignity that the malignity of a bad old woman could devise. Day after day she endured the torture of hearing the name of her dear Mourad reviled by every inmate of the harem. Even those who had once called themselves his friends were loudest in expressing their indignation at his guilt. Zuleika denied it not, she listened in silence to their invectives, and when they who smiled on him in prosperity, and made light of all his faults, filled his empty place with the ashes of contempt, and affected to speak with horror of his crimes, she subdued the resentment of her swelling bosom, and fled to her own chamber "to hide her face and weep."

Her health and spirits were already impaired, but the delusive hope was still the support of her existence, that Mourad's truth and constancy were beyond the power of time or absence to destroy. Months passed away without

bringing a word of intelligence of him; every santon who passed through the village, every wandering dervish who visited the khan, she expected was the bearer of some tidings of her lover, but none arrived. If the suspicion flashed across her mind that she had been forgotten, or that her affections had been trifled with, her generous bosom refused to entertain the thought, and her fond heart furnished some plausible excuse for his silence. Perhaps he had sent word to her, and the message had miscarried; illness perhaps had prevented him from relieving her anxiety; in short, any thing was better to imagine or believe than that she had ceased to be the sole mistress of his heart.

The affairs of the Aga in the mean time had taken an unfortunate turn; the sudden and unforeseen vicissitudes, to which all Turkish governors are liable, happened to him. He became less punctual than he had been in sending presents to the Porte; his friends waxed cold; the taxes were doubled on his district; the collector of the Miri complained of the defalcation of his tribute; the Sultan remonstrated; excuses were made, and eventually the Governor

was deposed, the imperial seal put on his effects, and a pilgrimage to the Holy City kindly recommended, for the good of his soul's health.

This gentle mode of sending a Governor into exile was too well known to Suleiman to leave any doubt on his mind as to his disgrace. His establishment was broken up, and his own soldiers, who were retained for his successor, assisted in ejecting both him and his harem.

It was only a short time before this latter event had taken place, that the Dervish Ali made his appearance at the khan, and in his medical capacity was called to the sick-bed of Zuleika. For several days his attentions were lavished on the invalid, and probably to the influence of the Goddess Beltha, the patient was indebted for the kindness of the hakkim; but it would be doing an injustice to the Dervish, not to acknowledge that very little transpired in his interviews with the fair patient, of which he did not inform Mourad in his letter.

When the ruined Aga was driven from his government, some five-and-twenty purses were

all he was able to save from the wreck of his fortune. Deserted by his servants, abandoned by his wives, one of whom had returned to her parents, another gone to her son; Suleiman sought a refuge in the interior of the country. He had sent Zuleika to the coast to embark for El Masr, where a kinsman of hers had offered her an asylum. Some of the little money he possessed, was employed in procuring a remissiono f his sentence: he supplicated to be permitted to remain in the village, where he had taken up his abode; and it was only after the expiration of two years, that he received a definitive answer to his petition, and one that was a refusal of its prayer.

Long ere this, Zuleika had arrived in Egypt, and was settled in the house of a fond and indulgent relative; the health of the poor girl had been gradually improving; kind treatment had done much to restore her peace, and the prospect of seeing her beloved Mourad, had tended still more to cheer her drooping spirits. She knew that he was in the same country with her, and that thought alone was a consolation; but the arrival of the ill-starred dervish in El Masr

put an end to all her hopes. The marriage of Mourad with the Armenian's widow was no longer a secret. The propagation of bad news is the business of the imbecile, or the amusement of the malevolent; whisper but the faintest sound of evil, and it flies with the velocity of the swift simoom, which converts every particle of sand into a poison, and withers every object that comes within its unwholesome influence.

Poor Zuleika was soon made acquainted with even more than was sufficient to make a fond woman wretched; her affections had been unworthily bestowed, but it was too late to profit by the conviction of that calamity. The deceiver had been the idol of her heart, he was still the object of her solicitude, the source of all her unavailing sorrows. She sought not to tear his image from her breast, it was too firmly fixed there; but she endeavoured to conceal the fatal attachment in the ruins of a broken heart, though she found it more difficult to combat a fatal passion, than to struggle with her grief, and to mingle with the gay when her bosom was completely wretched. In the presence of her young associates, when she put on the mien

of gladness, had he who wronged her beheld her heart, he might have wept over its desolation. If her kinswoman observed her dejection, she said she would endeavour to be happy, and her beautiful countenance was lit up for a moment with a transitory ray; but it proceeded not from the sunshine of the heart, and a faint smile came mantling over her pale cheek, but it was only a ripple on the surface of expiring hope. But to the wretched, the task of keeping up the false appearance of content is a labour which no strength is long able to resist. Zuleika's health sunk rapidly, the last degree of wretchedness was now hers, it was even beyond that of the victim

"Who doats yet doubts, suspects yet strongly loves."

Women can make much allowance for the indiscretions, nay, the crimes of those they love; and the more the world frowns on the object of their choice, the closer do they cling to the fallen idol. But when they have reason to believe that the deceiver has only tampered with their hearts, to triumph over their weakness, the shock may eventually sunder the ties which

their affection makes a part of their existence; but it is questionable if all at once their sentiments undergo a revolution, which justifies the assertion that

> "Earth has no rage like love to hatred turn'd,
> Nor hell a fury like a woman scorn'd."

Zuleika, indeed, felt that no species of unkindness is so cruel as the contemptuous indifference and forgetfulness of a faithless lover, but her passions were too feeble, or her feelings too feminine, to mingle indignation with her regrets. Her kinswoman, who had long observed the melancholy which preyed upon her mind, did every thing in her power to divert her thoughts from the unworthy object who engrossed them. She was aware of her intimacy with Mourad, and she had made herself acquainted with his movements; she knew of his being in the favour of the prince, and rumour had represented the young minion, as the companion of dissolute fakirs, and the associate of profligate almes, who nightly present the painted sepulchres of their beauty to the public gaze in the disorderly suburbs of the city. The good woman grieved for the poor girl

who had been robbed of her peace by such a wretch; she tried every means to banish the recollection of him from the breast of Zuleika. She gave her all the amusements which the society of her friends could afford her, and it was only on the fatal morning of the massacre of the Mamelukes, that she forced her to accept an invitation from the women of Suleiman Bey, to spend the day in their harem.

The horrible scene which took place when the house of the murdered Bey was given up to the fury of a licentious soldiery terminated in the encounter which occurred in the chamber where Zuleika had fled for refuge, when the figure of Mourad in the midst of the pitiless horde was presented to her eyes. A single glance at the blood-stained hands and infuriated features of that Mourad whose youthful figure and ingenuous countenance were engraven on her heart, sent back to her fluttering bosom every drop of blood which trickled through her veins; but when she beheld the deadly weapon levelled at his person, and saw him reel a few steps forward and then fall senseless on the floor, one piercing shriek of such thrilling agony

as never issued except from a broken heart, was heard, and all that followed, in mercy to the sufferer, was shut out from her senses.

When she awoke to the horrors of existence, she found herself in a strange apartment, but the first words she uttered were a blessing on the name of the Apostle; for the first person she beheld was her kinswoman bending over her couch, chafing her cold temples, and soothing her with the assurance that all would soon be well, and in a few hours that she would be in her own house.

The poor old lady was trembling all over the terror which had taken possession of her soul on hearing of the slaughter in the citadel was still visible in her countenance. She had rushed from her abode at the first intelligence of the event, and hoped to be in time to have rescued Zuleika from the peril of being found in the harem of a Mameluke, but the soldiers were in the house before she arrived, and while in her madness she was endeavouring to force her way through them, she beheld the brutal Delhi bearing away the inanimate form of her young kinswoman. She followed him through

the streets screaming for her child, and calling on the passengers to save a free-born Moslem woman from the hands of a drunken soldier. In her frenzy she laid hold of the girl, and vowed she would never relinquish her grasp while she had life. The maiden, she repeated, was a free-born Moslem woman, and neither a Mameluke's wife or daughter. She succeeded in effecting her purpose by drawing the attention of the rabble to the act of lawless violence committed on the person of a female and a fellow-citizen. Hundreds of people flocked round the disputants. In every country the mob generally take the side of justice; they did so in the present case, and nothing was heard but cries of Shame! shame! down with the Delhi! rescue the young woman from the drunken soldier! and in a few minutes the tumult became general.

The Delhi drew his pistol; he levelled it at the head of the poor woman, who was still clinging to her child, endeavouring to drag her from his grasp; but, luckily for her, it was the same pistol he had discharged at Mourad, and before he had leisure to pull the other from his belt he was surrounded by the multitude, and,

after a desperate struggle, his victim was dragged from him and carried into an adjoining house.

There it was, on coming to herself, she found her relative watching over her, whose only apprehension now was some further attempt of the Delhi's to regain his prize. It was thought prudent to obtain the protection of the guard to remove her to her home, and when that measure was taken, at the expense of some fifty piastres, (for the protection of the law, like the entertainment of a tavern, is afforded to every man in Turkey who is able to pay for it,) Zuleika was conveyed in safety to the house of her kinswoman. But all the attention of that kind woman, and all the consolation which friendship and affection could bestow, failed to restore the drooping girl.

From that day of terror she never raised her head. But many a long month before it, her health had been undermined by that insidious malady which imperceptibly consumes the sufferer without leaving on the features the rude impression of the destroyer's hand.

No one about her apprehended any danger;

the pallor of her cheek and the dejection of her countenance were ascribed to some trivial cause, while her own conviction rendered every gloomy suggestion of her sunken spirits a supernatural foreboding of approaching death. Sorrow and disappointment had taken possession of her heart; but sorrow of itself hath never, perhaps, destroyed life, and people "have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love." That grief was hers which leaves every organ susceptible of disease, and determines it to the weakest, where the seeds of the treacherous malady are sown, which mental excitement is only required to develope; to use a figurative expression, she was broken-hearted.

Her decline was unaccompanied by any delusive hope of amendment, and the rapidity of its progress was now but too visible to the eyes of her afflicted friend. But still the stranger saw nothing in her appearance to create alarm; the scarlet hue which mocks the hopes of the sufferer's friends, was on her cheek, but it was too bright, too circumscribed, too sudden in its appearance, and too evanescent when it came, for the glow of health; it was the hectic tint of

hopeless illness. The clearness of her complexion was more remarkable than ever, but it was that pearly white whose waxen transparency allows the small blue veins beneath it to be seen meandering here and there, and which gives that peculiar expression of unearthly loveliness to the countenance which consumption borrows at the last, when the fading light of the soul's sunset has given something to the face of heaven. Even to life's close, the serenity of her wan features remained undisturbed, and in the midst of her sufferings the gentleness of her spirit prevailed over her anguish; and even when the angel of death was hovering over her couch she was a spectre of beauty, of more melancholy interest than fancy ever created or enshrined. Patience might have borrowed her mien to chasten the regard of Sorrow, and Meekness might have taken the Religion of her look to sanctify the glance of Pity on the sepulchre of Hope.

During her entire illness the name of Mourad only once escaped her lips; his image was eternally before her eyes, not as she had beheld him in the house of the Mameluke in the midst of cut-throats, stained with blood, disfigured

with wounds, and flushed with the horrible drunkenness of human carnage, but as she had first known him, beautiful in person, gentle in disposition, and every impulse of a generous bosom glowing on his youthful cheek. If the two pictures presented themselves together to her imagination, she tore the former from her view, and sought to persuade herself that the Mourad of her early days, the playmate of her childhood, the friend of her youth, the beloved object of her matured affection, was not the individual whose infuriated features she had shuddered at beholding in the house of the Mameluke.

She had promised her kinswoman to think not of the unworthy object of her love, she talked not of him, and the poor old woman believed he was forgotten; but the day preceding her dissolution she called her weeping relative to her side and pointed to a lute which hung beside her bed. "This, my dear friend," said she, "was the gift of Mourad; it is all I have belonging to him; his love has been long lost. This little instrument has been my only solace in many a long day of misery; its soft tones served to remind me of the sweet voice of my

dear Mourad, and in his absence I have sung over and over to its music the songs he loved to hear. When he was present, it was seldom from my side, and when he left me, I still made my companion of my melancholy lute. But it has been long neglected; the chords are broken, one is only left to be torn asunder, fit emblem of my poor heart; the sweet music of its peace is destroyed, and only one rude breath is wanting to sunder the last string and make eternal silence. When I am at rest I would have it given to him who gave it me: tell him it never left my sight since I possessed it; that if any thing were wanting to call back the happy days of our youth, this early token of his love—love, did I say, fool! fool! I believed it to be such, and it recalled a thousand endearing recollections to my bosom. Tell him, to the last moment of my life I loved him; and when others spoke harshly of him, that I held my tongue; when they uttered imprecations on his falsehood, that I cursed him not; when they talked of my wrongs in the language of indignation, that I vented my grief in no complaint; and when they reviled his beloved name, that

I wished them far away. Tell him the wretchedness of years was insufficient to alter my affection; tell him, my dear friend, I was broken-hearted; but had he been at my death-bed, the ashes of my hopes should have fallen at his feet, for my last act should have been to call a blessing on his head. I conjure you tell him his poor forgotten Zuleika, in all her misery, suffered no reproach to escape her lips, and with her dying breath bestowed on him her full forgiveness. I had much to say, but oh——"

"Alas, my child!" cried the poor old woman interrupting the exhausted girl, "you are weak and weary; and to-morrow, if it please God, you will be better and will tell me all."

"If it please God," replied the dying girl in a solemn voice, "to-morrow I shall be better; but to-morrow, the tongue that now falters will be motionless for ever. To-morrow, my dear friend, the hands which now press you to my bosom will be clasped in death, and the pulse you now feel throbbing at my heart, responding to every grateful emotion of my soul, will beat no more. You have been all kindness to the last A thousand thanks are swelling in my

breast — deep, deep, my beloved friend, past utterance; but words are unnecessary, they are here in my heart's core, and earth has no power to draw them forth!"

"Oh, my sweet child!" exclaimed her distracted relative, "for the sake of Allah, do not fatigue your poor head just now. If not to-morrow, by and by, my darling Zuleika, you will be more composed, and have more strength to talk to me." The faintness of the smile, which came over the settled features of the sufferer, was a dagger to the last hope of her poor kinswoman. She still stood by her bedside, endeavouring to repress her tears, and seeking to conceal her agitation from the dear girl, whose dying glance was fixed on her countenance. Oh! it was a sad spectacle, to behold the invalid riveting her death-look on the venerable face of her poor friend, contrasting, as it were, the constrained tranquillity of her look with the overwhelming trouble of her bosom. For several minutes the old woman preserved the calmness of her look; the tear only suffused the eye, but did not trickle over the cheek; the lips only quivered, but the accents

of sorrow were subdued; there was something struggling for utterance in her throat, but it was only the exertion of gulping down the sighs, whose suppression almost choked her. But the struggle at length ceased; Nature triumphed over the vain effort to stifle her emotions — the wretched woman's grief burst forth — the violence of her sorrow bore down all restraint — a loud convulsive cry broke from her lips — the tears gushed from her lids — the servants spoke of the necessity of commanding her feelings — they advised her to be calm. Fools! like all the vain counsellors of their kind, they knew not that the anguish of her soul was no longer under the dominion of her reason; but one who had the understanding to abstain from arguing with her grief, led her from the chamber, and remained with her, without augmenting her distress, by the commonplace expressions of insulting pity, or impertinent consolation.

When the vehemence of her grief had somewhat subsided, she returned to the chamber, and took her station at the bedside: she did so in time to witness the closing scene. The

last moments of the poor girl were free from suffering; their tranquillity accorded with the gentleness of her bosom; no violent struggle convulsed her sweet features; no agonizing throe troubled the serenity of her countenance; the liquid softness of her eye remained unchanged, even when the death-film had dimmed its lustre, and the cold white marble of her cheek retained all its purity long after the hectic flush had ceased to animate it. The attendants still saw no symptoms of approaching dissolution; it was only the aged woman, who had been at many a parting scene, and who watched every alteration in the fading countenance of her child, and who noticed every change in the clammy coldness of her hand, who knew that the last breath was fluttering on her lips.

The ill-judged solicitude of the domestics only aggravated the affliction of the mourner. If the lamp flickered in the draft, it was not the wing of the gloomy angel which dimmed the light; if a sound during the night startled the drowsy ear of the attendants, it was the shriek of no goul, nor the scream of the ill-omened bird, which flutters over the house of a

departing spirit. If the eyes of their mistress were fixed on the death-struck features of the slumbering girl, the half-closed eyelids, with the pearly white alone in view, however appalling the appearance, was not always a certain sign of death. If the icy fingers played with the bed-clothes, it was only a momentary motion of the hand — if the cold dew-drops of dissolution glittered on her brow, it was only a gentle perspiration, that would do her good; and now and then, if the breathing became hard, and respiration rattled in the throat, it was nothing, it would go off when she awoke. She awoke, but it did not go off; she looked around her, with the wild stare of one awakening from a confused dream; but the symptoms of death did not disappear. To the last, the settled calm on her lovely features was unruffled; long before she ceased to exist not a fibre of the heart appeared to move; not a moan escaped her breast; and once only her pale lips quivered, her sweet mouth stirred, and the mourners listened, but they heard no sound. As she awoke from the slumber of insensibility which generally precedes dissolution, the wild-

ness of her regard gradually disappeared, and all the wonted meekness of her look returned: she gazed around her till her eye fell on the dejected features of her kinswoman; she laid her cold hand on the trembling fingers of the old woman; she pressed them between her's; the servants thought she smiled, but the last cold tear of life trickled over her cheek, when she withdrew her heavy eyes from the face of her kind friend. The lute she had spoken of was the last object her dying glance encountered. She gazed on the broken instrument till the fading lustre of her eye grew dim and dimmer every moment, and the moisture, which had hardly time to become a tear, suffused the ball, and spread into a film, and shut out the last earthly object on which she looked. Her attenuated hands sunk on her bosom, and when the last breath of life was mingled with universal air, the cold fingers were found firmly clasped over her heart, as if the feeble effort were made to prevent its bursting.

Without a struggle or a moan, her gentle spirit soared to the realms of purity and peace,

where the wronged are no longer wretched, and the broken-hearted are at rest; where the innocence of every country, and the virtue of every clime are enshrined in the various forms of one chosen people, and where the chaste daughters of the Brahmin, the Sufi, and the Sheik, are gathered together in one community of love.

The deathless spirit never abandoned a fairer tenement, nor left "a mortal paradise of such sweet flesh," so little faded after death. The last long sleep of all, seemed to those who gazed upon the corpse, like the light slumbers of an infant; and the more they looked, the more they appeared to doubt the appalling certainty of death. The remains were placed on a bier, in the middle of the chamber, decked in all the finery of an Oriental toilet. Horrible mockery of the vanity of life! and the mourners, who stood round, rending their garments, throwing ashes on their heads, and filling the house with their unavailing lamentations, paused in their sad occupation to gaze on the inanimate form of the ill-fated Zuleika. The

living aspect of loveliness had not yet left the marble features of her corpse; their freshness even caused the last sad duty to be deferred; for death was altogether swallowed up in beauty.

CHAPTER XVI.

Ham. What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring stars and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded heavens? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane.
Laert. The devil take thy soul!

HAMLET.

THE victim of an ill-fated passion was carried to the tomb; the white-robed mourners followed in procession, wringing their hands and rending the air with their lamentations. When the bier was set down in the cemetery and the body deposited in the grave, every voice was hushed, and the sound of the first heap of earth that was thrown on the corpse was watched for in breathless silence by all around. A stranger to the funeral attendants, who stood by the grave-side and appeared unmoved during the solemn pro-

cess of lifting the still corpse from the shell and then lowering it into the grave; who had taken no part in the general lamentation, who had shed no tear when all were weeping, who had breathed no sigh when all were sobbing, nor moved a muscle when the commotion of grief convulsed the features and agitated the frame of every mourner, was seen to shudder when the first clod was thrown on the corpse. The horrible sound of the chapless skulls which rattled on the body seemed to thrill through his soul. The murmur of grief ran through the mourners; a thousand exclamations of sorrow were uttered, but he spake not; a thousand thrilling cries were screamed around him, but he was mute; and some of the women threw ashes in the air, and called imprecations on the head of the villain who brought so much beauty to decay, and so much goodness to an early grave; but his lips moved at last, and he gave a loud amen to all their curses.

"Ah, hawadgi," said an elderly woman near him, who seemed pleased to find a stranger take an interest in the fate of her young friend, "if you had known the poor maiden you would say

no malediction was bad enough to bestow on the marass who made her heart miserable. She was beautiful as the bright moon, hawadgi; her bosom was all purity; the innocent gazel was not more gentle than poor Zuleika; it was not in her nature to give the pain of a sharp word to any human being. Oh! hawadgi, if you, who knew her not, stand trembling by her grave, as if the cold hand of sorrow had seized upon your heart, what must they feel who were acquainted with her worth, and knew all her wretchedness?

"It was a sad sight, hawadgi, to see so beautiful a being sinking under the sickness of a broken heart, yet keeping the secret of her ill-starred passion to herself. So closely was it locked up in her bosom that no one suspected the cause of her dejection. She talked not like other women, of love; hers was too deep for utterance: the weed, hawadgi, floats on the surface of the water, but the pearl is found at the bottom of the sea. Are you ill, hawadgi, that such a deadly paleness spreads over your countenance, and the blood seems to turn to ashes on your lips? Speak, in the name of

Allah! the perspiration is trickling over your wan features; surely you must be ill?"

"I feel rather unwell," replied the stranger, in a feeble tone; "I have come off a long journey, and am weary; your words, too, have affected me a little, but it is only a momentary faintness: did you say she loved that wretched being who robbed her of her peace—loved him to the last?"

"Oh, yes," said the mourner, "she loved him too well to have the power of tearing him from her heart, even when she found that in the rose she pressed to her bosom she laid a scorpion to her breast. It is said 'the venomous insect, by associating with a flower, is carried to the breast of beauty;' poor Zuleika found the fatal truth of the observation."

Grief is voluble; the good woman's tongue ran on till the burial was finished, and the last straggler was retiring from the grave-yard. Little did she imagine that the person to whom she addressed her animadversions on the conduct of poor Zuleika's faithless lover was the subject of them. At length, after torturing the wretched man with the detail of all her sufferings, with

the enumeration of all her virtues, and the catalogue of all his vices, she went her way.

Mourad was now left to his own bitter reflections; the last of the mourners had disappeared, and the mortal anguish which filled his soul burst forth from its confinement and gushed in torrents from his eyes. He flung his wretched body on the new-made grave; called in his frenzy on the name of Zuleika; pressed his lips to the rank soil, and prayed to Allah to terminate his miserable existence on the spot where he then lay.

A more wretched being was not on the surface of the earth; if grief left one fibre of his heart untorn, remorse seized upon it, and wrung it till the very core was agonised. "Yes, my beloved Zuleika," he cried in his despair, "your friends were right to curse me; let their maledictions fall, they cannot make me more afflicted than I am; fate has no ill in store to add to my distress."

It was midnight before the real mourner quitted the grave of his mistress. Had the friends of the deceased beheld the wretched

man, as he dragged his tottering limbs from the grave of all his hopes, they might have spared their curses, have marked the anguish which was written on his brow, and felt that a single imprecation was superfluous.

Months passed away, and the same settled gloom continued to overhang the features of Mourad; years even elapsed, and the fixed melancholy of his pale cheek remained unaltered. He had attained the age of thirty, that most soul-trying period of existence, which opens the second act of life, and terminates the first of love: That first sad era of reflection, when poetry and enthusiasm are no longer the persons of the drama; when reason and experience tread the stage, and fancy flutters from a scene where feelings are exchanged for facts, where man "has neither youth nor age, but, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep, dreaming upon both:" That sure forerunner of the sear and yellow leaf, when we endeavour to compensate the loss of the sunshine of our summer with the mitigated and mellowed beams of life-opening autumn, and lay the flattering unction of grow-

ing wisdom to our souls, when often the vain boast is but the pride of manhood palliating grief at the obsequies of early ardour.

It is the period when prudence and the passions go to war; when reason is not always an unwounded victor, nor romance completely worsted without leaving the memory of the spear and casque behind: when the character is finally formed; when circumstances confirm the qualities which education has created; when he who has long wavered between vice and virtue, makes his election; when the sensitive man, whose experience has been his curse, loathes what he once loved, has most reason to dread the alternative, and to beware, lest misanthropy influence his choice.

Mourad's state of mind, at the period we have alluded to, was such as to render every previous imperfection of his nature, even that which was incipient, a fixed passion, the fruitful source of crime and sorrow. He felt as if the world and the world's law were his enemy; and the law of Islam, which he had hitherto professed to reverence, began to cease to have a claim to his respect. He had, unfortunately, made the ac-

quaintance of a young and opulent Levantine, who filled the office of Consul in Damietta, and who was considered by his people, and even by the Turks, to be a paragon of learning and philosophy. His knowledge of European tongues in all discussions gave him a vast ascendancy over his illiterate countrymen. Not only the poems of Hafiz furnished him with the infidel notions of the Sufis, but he had all the sceptical opinions of Voltaire, Volney, and Dupin, at his fingers.

At the age of nineteen he had found himself passing from the unruffled stream of youth to the great ocean of life, in as buoyant a bark as was ever freighted, with sanguine hopes and joyous prospects; but discretion was not at the prow, nor religion at the helm, and ultimately the wreck was total. The qualities which constitute what the world calls a youth of promise, were so many perils in his path. Signor —— had every thing to recommend him to society; a pleasing person, a plausible manner, and a talented mind. It was his misfortune to have been brought up with the idea that education consists of a competent knowledge of European

tongues, and some slight smattering of the exact sciences; but the only light that was thrown on his moral principles was the feeble ray of superficial philosophy, which served to show the superstition of his sect, and involved in its gloom the light of Christianity itself. The dictates of honour he held to be independent of the doctrines of religion; both were distinct; the former only he believed to be intuitive, and that nothing but education was wanting to regulate its laws. He talked of the necessity of an educated man being a moral one, and spoke of religion as a mere adjunct to the bow-string, or courbash.

But the scholar, forsooth, required no such check; the poems of his favourite Sufi authors, the metaphysical disquisitions of his French philosophers, were sufficient to develope his innate morality. For the direction of his honour, the sneering suggestions of human knowledge were preferable to the simple precepts of the Book of Ali; albeit the one was universal in its application, while the other applied only to the limited number of the learned.

His company was sought by the principal

Turkish inhabitants of the town, and even at the table of the Moslem governor it was no uncommon thing to hear the privileged rayah broaching opinions which compromised the truth of "the perspicuous volume" of his host's belief. The introduction of theological subjects into general conversation, a common-place profanity, which none but the vulgar are guilty of in European countries, is habitual in Levantine society. The divan is converted into a metaphysical Areopagus, and decency forbids not the infliction of the sceptic's sneer and the profligate's ribaldry on the female ear.

One evening, at an Arab *conversazione* in El Masr, the young Consul was enlightening the minds of a group of Levantine auditors on the subject of priestcraft and superstition, when Mourad, who had been listening to the discussion for some time, ventured to dissent from one of the propositions of the speaker.

"Effendi," said the Consul, "you are not in a position to form a judgment on the subject; you know but one system of religion, you read but one book, you commune with the people

of but one sect; you have the Koran by heart, but the learning which embodies the philosophy of Greece and Rome is to you as a sealed book. Truth, Effendi, is universal in its nature, and not partial, and is to be sought after accordingly; and when found by slow and painful steps, the interests of mankind demand its dissemination. One day or other its influence must prevail over the earth, and he deserves best of his fellow-men who most endeavours to hasten the arrival of that glorious period. Inshallah, Effendi! the day shall come, even in our time, when the unfettered Reason shall walk abroad in its native majesty, and the light of Truth shall irradiate the earth, concentrate its beams on the walls of Superstition, and consume the structure which no light was sufficient to illume."

"My reading," answered Mourad, "is too limited, hawadgi, to furnish me with arguments on a subject which presents difficulties even to the enlightened. But there is one book I am conversant with, which to my bosom carries the evidence of truth, and the conviction of it constitutes my sole happiness here, and is the foundation of my hopes hereafter. If I have

reason on my side, it can serve you nothing to undermine my happiness; and, if my belief be a delusion, no cruelty can be more refined than to shake me in my faith, and awaken me from a dream of pleasure for the vain purpose of turning its images to ashes on my heart. The books whose philosophy you applaud, I know nothing about; but were I to read them, which God forbid I should! it would be with the strong impression on my mind that truth is to be found in one book only, while error pervades a thousand volumes.

"Falsehood, hawadgi, is flippant in its nature; like a foolish bird, it hops from tree to tree, and when it fancies it has perched on the blessed Tuba of truth, it finds itself tottering on the boughs of Instability, swinging with every wind from side to side, and chirping the note of assertion which it mistakes for fact.

"But unskilled as I am in the learning of books, I am not altogether inexperienced in the knowledge of life; and consulting that experience, if I ask myself in what community I have found the largest proportion of worth and honesty, I must say it was not in that of the

unbelieving Sufis. But on higher grounds than the qualities of human beings the child of Islam rests his hopes, and from higher sources than the learning of your philosophers he derives the principles which regulate his conduct in the world. The sentiments of his morality, Effendi, are his shield and his support; when that human honour you have spoken of proves but a poor protection against the temptations of vice, and but a broken reed in the day of danger and adversity."

"All this sounds very well," replied the Consul, "but turn your eyes to the four corners of El Masr, and every where the aching sight has to encounter the withering aspect of superstition, the blood-shot eye-ball of fanaticism, and the miserable consequences of priest-craft."

"I have heard even the Sufis say," replied Mourad, "that it was unfair to involve the principles of things in their abuses. Is the glorious law of Islam to be condemned for a ritual error? Is religion to be struck at through the sides of superstition? Are the abuses that may have crept into a creed to be made the weapons

of an attack against the law itself? Staffer Allah, hawadgi! this would be to say a man's house should be pulled down, and his head deprived of the shelter of a roof, because the swallows had bespattered the windows which let in the light."

The Consul was either too polite to prosecute the controversy, or his arguments were too weak even for an illiterate Turk. But he had too good an opinion of his opponent's reason to have recourse to ridicule, and it only remained to adopt the dernier resource of defeated argument; he shifted the discourse.

Mourad was encouraged by what he deemed the success of his first encounter with the Consul, to prosecute the discussion whenever an opportunity offered. In the course of their arguments difficulties were sometimes started which he was unable to explain. A doubt or two of the truth of opinions he before held sacred crept into his mind; the misgivings of the truth became the conviction of error, and, once unsettled in his belief, a single flaw in the vessel of his faith let in the entire torrent of infidelity on his soul.

CHAPTER XVII.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less. *Henry IV.*

MOURAD continued to enjoy the favour of the Viceroy, till an unfortunate circumstance arose, which interrupted the good understanding that had hitherto prevailed between them. Our hero had accompanied Ibrahim Pacha to the Delta, on a tour which he was then making through the provinces. In one of the towns, the Pacha had a conference with a Levantine Christian, the Malim Galli, who filled the office of Controller of Finance, and had been in high favour with Mohamed Ali since the period of his succeeding Gogary, the former controller,

whom the Pacha had disgraced, and caused to refund five thousand purses to the State.

Ibrahim Pacha had a secret enmity to the Malim; he suspected him of assisting his brother Toussoun in supplanting him in the favour of his father, and that suspicion was a sufficient motive for getting rid of his interference.

Mourad was with the Pacha when the Malim entered the apartment of the divan, to pay his homage to the son of his master. The moment Mourad set eyes upon him, he recognised the brother of the Armenian's widow, who had assisted in chasing him from his sister's house. He was aware that murder was busy with Ibrahim's thoughts; he knew what was passing in the despot's bosom, and while he smiled and salaamed the poor Malim, he marked the scowling expression of his eye, and the perfidious sunshine on the features, which seemed to brighten up with pleasure at seeing an old friend.

In spite of Mourad's altered appearance, the Malim stared at him for some time, as if his face was familiar to him, and at length he asked

him if he had not the pleasure of addressing an Effendi who had been acquainted with an Armenian family in Scanderia.

Mourad replied impatiently, that he had no acquaintances amongst Christians.

The Malim begged the Effendi's pardon; he meant to give him no offence, and he was sorry for having mistaken him for an adventurer who had crawled into the favour of the Prince, and who only needed to be exposed to be sent out of the country.

The conversation was beginning to take a disagreeable turn, when Ibrahim relieved the embarrassment of the Byn-bashi, by dismissing the Malim, with the command to return in an hour, when he should be more at leisure to talk with him.

The Malim made his obeisance and retired, and the moment he left the chamber, Mourad entered into a topic, which he knew was then uppermost in Ibrahim's mind.

"Wallah, Effendi!" cried he, "these Christians will soon ride over the true believers, if your illustrious father continues to aggrandize the kafirs as he does. If an office is to be filled

up, a Christian is sure to be put into it; if a cargo of beans is to be sold, a Frangi is sure to be the purchaser; if a machine is spoken of in El Masr, that is used in England, it is sure to be brought to Scanderia. Allah knows where it will end! Your worthy father thinks of nothing but Franguestan and the abominations of its people."

"I know," replied Ibrahim, "I hate the infidels no less than you; I hold their customs in no less detestation; and were I the Viceroy of El Masr, I would send every giaour of them out of Egypt. My father knows it, and he has made a war, for no other purpose than to keep me out of the country. I have my own suspicions of the dog of an unbeliever, who put it into his head to remove me from his presence, and it will go hard with me if I do not trample on the neck of the kelp for his presumption."

"I have my suspicions, too, Effendi," exclaimed Mourad; "and I am no true believer, if that rayah, who but now left your presence, is not the man who has stepped between you and the favour of your father. That Malim, Effendi, is he who has induced the Viceroy to

send you from El Masr; who has represented you as a son who only wanted a pretext for becoming a rebel. He is your mortal enemy, Effendi—a dog without faith, a kafir without a belief, and if he be suffered to live, Allah defend you from the wrath of the Viceroy!"

"Fear not for me," replied the Pacha, "I only wish that his neck was that of Christendom, that one blow might exterminate the unbelievers."

The entrance of the chibouque bashi put an end to the conversation, and in a short time afterwards Malim Galli made his appearance.

He was received as before, with smiles and courteous greetings; and after the Pacha had conversed with him familiarly for a considerable time, he rose to depart, and his back was no sooner turned, than Ibrahim pulled out his pistol, and shot the unfortunate Malim through the body.

The report of the pistol brought the servants to the apartment; the Pacha was sitting on his divan, with the pistol in his hand, as composedly as if nothing extraordinary had occurred; while Mourad was standing over the corpse,

with his sword unsheathed, but its service was not required. It was not Ibrahim's first aim at a human target; the ball had passed through the Malim's heart. He had been looked up to as the chief man of his nation; and the sensation excited by his death was so great, that Ibrahim thought proper to return to El Masr the following morning.

It was several weeks before he dared to present himself before his father. At the first intelligence of the murder, the rage of the Viceroy knew no bounds. The deceased Malim had been one of his greatest favourites, and many supposed that the life of Ibrahim would have been sacrificed to the clamours of the dead man's relatives; but Ibrahim's friends eventually succeeded in pacifying his father; the murderer was forgiven; but his accomplice, for such Mourad was accounted, had too many enemies about the Viceroy to allow of his being ever again taken into favour; he was ordered, on pain of death, to quit El Masr within three days. His services, the day of the massacre of the Mamelukes, had not been entirely forgotten; to the partial recollection of them he was in-

debted for the preservation of his life and property.

Mourad was not unprepared for the sentence; it was the very mildest he had a right to expect, and he hardly regretted being compelled to leave a country, which he was already sick of, and whose scenes recalled none but painful recollections to his mind. He employed the brief time allowed him in disposing of his effects: he was rich in worldly goods, the property of the Delhi, the spoils of the Mamelukes: his pay as Byn bashi furnished him with wealth, but in the treasure of a contented mind, he was the poorest of the sons of men. The first ship he found ready for sea at Scanderia was an Austrian vessel, bound for Constantinople. The world was now all before him, and it was a matter of indifference to which part of it he bent his steps. He once thought of visiting the countries of Franguestan; but the horror of sojourning for any length of time with so "unclean and benighted a people" was too great to be overcome. Shaken as he was in the truth of his religion, the believers in another were still hateful to his soul; he laughed at the

beard of his Apostle, and yet he was ready to shed the last drop of his heart's blood in the cause of Islam. This is a paradox, which we leave to metaphysicians to explain; we only know that he ceased to consider the Koran a sacred volume, and that he felt an involuntary inclination to cut the throat of any infidel who uttered a syllable against the law of Islam. Perhaps the mortal enmity he entertained was against names, and not things. God best knows! He embarked aboard the Austrian vessel; there were only two other passengers, one was a female, the other was the Dervish Ali.

Mourad's astonishment at beholding the latter was only surpassed by the terror of the Dervish at beholding him. A feeling of resentment gave an angry expression to his features, as he gazed on the wretch who had intruded into his harem; but when his ridiculous appearance presented itself to his view, at the moment he received the shock of the water-melon on his jaw, with the pulp of its broken fragments spattered over his visage, he could not help smiling at the absurdity of the scene. The poor Dervish was now pulling his conical bon-

net over his brows, drawing his "torn garment" about his jaws, and endeavouring, as much as possible, to conceal his features from our hero, while he kept conversing with the young woman who had accompanied him on board, and under whose special protection she appeared to have been placed.

Mourad at length approached him. "So, Dervish," said he, "this is the way you treat your old friends; pull your cap over your eyes, and your kirkah about your person, and refuse to say as much as Salaam aleikoum, to one who is under so great an obligation to you as I am. Wallah-el-Nebi! this is most unkind; I should not have expected so little regard from one who has showed so much for my wife." The latter word was spoken in a low voice; but the Dervish heard it distinctly.

"Effendi," said the votary of Beltha, "if you have any consideration for the morals of a young woman, who has been committed to my charge, make no profane allusions in her hearing. I protest by my order—(it is a sacred oath, Effendi)—I visited your wife solely in

my medical capacity; and the planet, whose worship you probably imagine me devoted to, has nothing whatever to do with the healing art."

"I am bound," said Mourad, "to believe whatever a man of your sanctity asserts, and am willing to forget the past, and, if I find you deserving of forgiveness, to grant it to you. We are bound on the same voyage, shut up in the same ship; we are both Moslems, and are encompassed by unbelievers, and it behoves us to agree as well as we can while we are together. Allah forbid I should offend the morals of a young woman committed to the charge of so reverend a Dervish! fear not, my friend, I will not say a word about my wife in her presence, not a sound about the melon, not a syllable about your jaw. Min Allah! I have promised to forget these things; but I pray thee enlighten my mind a little on the subject of the damsel who accompanies you. What worthy man's wife or daughter is she? and how, in the name of the planet Beltha, came she to be entrusted to your care?"

"The sun is in the zenith," cried the pupil

of Abou Rassed, "and the hour is a propitious one for telling a secret to a friend. Know, then, the damsel who accompanies me is the daughter of a barber in El Masr, and is proceeding to Stamboul to be married to a shaver of heads, who had been formerly an assistant of her father's, and is now a barber on his own account in the capital.

"I became acquainted with the father in his own shop; I frequented it for years; he was intimate with every hair in my beard, and I was familiar with every star in his horoscope. He had been awaiting an opportunity to send his daughter to her intended spouse for many weeks, and when he heard of my approaching departure, he naturally thought he could not pitch upon a fitter person to take care of the young maiden than myself. He begged of me with so much earnestness to see her taken care of on the voyage, and delivered over in safety to her husband, that I could not find it in my heart to refuse the old man, and here she is under my superintendence, and I assure you I have no little trouble in keeping these kafirs of sailors from peeping under her veil; and as

for her attendant, I have given up all hope of keeping her face unseen by the infidels. You would scarcely believe it, Effendi, but I actually found her giggling this morning with one of these wretches without skirts to their garments. I bade her look to her amsak, but she laughed in my face, and told me to take care of my own kirkah. Alas! Effendi, there is no morality in the world."

"How long is it, my good friend," said Mourad, "since your spirit has become afflicted at the immorality of woman kind? Is it since you left Scanderia, or was it previous to your acquaintance with my wife?"

"Effendi!" replied the Dervish, "a profane jest is hateful to my ears, a broken promise is not less displeasing to my soul; you just now told me you would bury your wife in oblivion, and here now do I find you raking up her bones and throwing her ashes on my head. For the sake of the Prophet, no more of her remains.

"If the star of my youth had an affinity for the planet Beltha, and was one of her satellites, the sun has made many revolutions since that period, and time, the father of knowledge, has

taught me that immorality is the root of all evil."

Mourad felt for his purse, and when he found it was safe, he left the Dervish and went below. The following night Mourad was awoke by a tumultuous noise on deck; the loud voice of the Dervish prevailed over all the others; on hastening to the spot he found the unfortunate Dervish without his kirkah, in the midst of a crowd of boisterous sailors, who were tormenting and jeering him with a thousand threats and taunts. It was long before Mourad could ascertain the cause of the disturbance; at length he ascertained that the Dervish had been discovered making a most unseasonable visit to the berth of the servant who waited on the lady. Some were for keel-hawling the offender, others for tarring his bald head, but the general voice seemed to be for shaving him with a rusty hoop, an operation which was actually commenced when Mourad went to his assistance.

The Captain had the humanity to second our hero in rescuing the terrified Dervish from the hands of his persecutors, and when Mourad succeeded in getting him out of their clutches,

as he led him to the cabin, it was impossible to behold a more perfect personification of a condemned culprit. That night Mourad had the charity to ask him no questions; but the following morning, when he spoke to him on the subject, he put on the bold look of impudence which he was accustomed to pass off for that of innocence, and talked of bringing the knaves to justice who had dragged him out of his bed for no earthly reason.

"I was grieved," said Mourad, "to see them treat a Dervish with such indignity, but I must say it appeared rather strange that there should have been so unprovoked an attack made on you. Might you not have been walking in your sleep? have you never heard of people doing so?"

"Undoubtedly," replied the Dervish; "I have heard of sleep-walkers, and now I begin to think it may have happened that I was rambling in my slumbers. I have a sort of confused recollection of a dream, in which I was perambulating the cabin, and in trying to make my way on deck, had stumbled against the door of the state-room where the women's berths are."

"Ah, Dervish Ali, Dervish Ali!" exclaimed Mourad, "the star of your nativity has a greater affinity than ever for the planet of profligacy; your horoscope is composed of a thousand comets, and each is governed by the Acadtein, or two-tailed dragon, whose constellation is the terror of all the daughters of Howa."

The Dervish was about to defend himself from the charge of profligacy on astrological grounds, but Mourad had not the courtesy to stay to listen to his defence. The Dervish saw with regret there was likely to be no opportunity to exculpate himself in the eyes of our hero: the voyage was already drawing to a close; five days of favourable weather had brought them in sight of Stamboul, and on the morning of the sixth day they were at anchor in the harbour.

There was a time when the beauty of such a prospect as now met his eyes would have filled his bosom with delight; there was a time when the magnificence of such a city, the smoothness of such a sea, the serenity of such a sky, and the loveliness of such a shore, would have brought the glow of admiration to his cheek, the tear of rapture to his eye, and sent the

thrill of pleasure through his heart. But innocent pleasures had long since ceased to gratify the vitiated taste of Mourad; crime had put "rancours into the vessel of his peace;" sorrow had become his guest, and when there was nothing left to feed on, apathy had taken possession of his breast.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Let not your ears despise my tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.

MACBETH.

MOURAD took up his abode at a khan, at no great distance from the place where he landed, after parting with the Dervish, who promised to call on him in a few days. He found himself set down in a large city, in the midst of strangers, without a friend or relative, without any occupation but his own melancholy thoughts, without a reflection unmingled with regret or remorse.

As he sauntered through the bazaars, the bustling passengers elbowed him as they hurried by, and the busy merchants jostled him on one side and another, as they proceeded on their

various avocations. It seemed to him as if he was the only man in existence without an occupation; he envied the lot of the lowest mechanic he beheld who earned his bread by his honest industry, and he determined on seeking some employment which might relieve him from the misery of his own thoughts.

He turned over and over in his mind the advantages and disadvantages of a variety of avocations, but he found it difficult to come to a determination; he had nobody to advise with, nobody to counsel him; he had no friend in the wide world, and he oftentimes wondered why it pleased Heaven to leave one so unconnected with all around him on the surface of the earth.

He was wandering one day in this melancholy mood through the suburbs of the Greek quarter, when he observed a rayah standing at a door, whose face was familiar to him. He stood for some time staring at the man, endeavouring to call to mind where he had seen him; he thought it was a face he had known in boyhood; he walked up and down before the house, fixing his keen eye on the old man every time he passed him, till at length the recollec-

tion flashed all at once on his mind, that the individual before him was no other than the Greek rayah of Bournarbashi, who had made him acquainted with the history of his father many a long year before.

The Greek appeared to be disconcerted at the sight of the stranger who approached; he was about retiring into his house, when Mourad addressed him by name, and requested him to give him a few minutes' conversation.

"Do you not know me, my good friend?" said he. "Have time and affliction laid their hands so heavily on my head, that you cannot recognise the features of your townsman? Have you no recollection of that little Mourad who used to visit your dwelling, and who was the playmate of your children? Have you entirely forgotten the boy who was called the son of Suleiman of Bournarbashi?"

"No, Effendi," replied the Greek. "I have not forgotten the sweet child, who saved my poor boy from Yussuf's hanjar. I have a full recollection of the features of Michelaki's son; I remember the lovely infant I so often saw in the arms of the unfortunate Emineh; but you

cannot persuade me, Effendi, that you are the son of my ill-fated countryman! No, no, Effendi, the boy I speak of was beautiful as an angel; his little features were all softness and innocence, and the smile on his pretty lips was so full of gentleness and benignity, that every one loved him, and augured well of his manhood. Do not be angry with me, Effendi, because I cannot give credit to your words; but, indeed, the child I speak of was so unlike you, that I cannot imagine a century of calamity could effect so great a change."

"The last year," replied Mourad, "has been that century to me; sorrow and its companion sickness wrinkle the brow and sear the cheek more even than age and infirmity. There was a day when I might not have brooked your doubts and denial of my name; but I have learned to be patient, and since you refuse to recognise me, I leave your door, and will give you no farther annoyance."

"Stop, Effendi!" cried the old man; "if indeed you be the person you say you are, and your knowledge of me and my family now assures me that you are, pardon me, I pray you,

for not knowing you at first; but indeed you are altered, very much altered, Effendi: toil and travel, I suppose, have withered the bloom of youth, but comfort and repose, if it please God, will again revive it. But step into the house, Effendi; small as it is, the son of Michelaki is welcome to my dwelling, and fortunate is the accident which has given his shadow to my threshold."

Mourad followed the Greek to his apartment; and when they were seated, he began to inquire after the different people he had known in the village. It was only ten years since he had left it, and to his astonishment he heard that hardly one of those he had been acquainted with were still remaining there.

The iron grasp of despotism had brought many to ruin; the hope of bettering their fortunes had induced some to fix their abode elsewhere, but death had removed the greatest number to the everlasting home of all. Yussuf, he was informed, had quitted Smyrna some years ago, and was established in Stamboul. He had quarrelled with his father-in-law, and had been separated from his wife; his friends

had contrived, however, to prevail on the father-in-law to use his interest to procure for him the office of lieutenant to the chief executioner in Stamboul.

This information surprised Mourad a good deal, and disconcerted him not a little; he was too well acquainted with the malignity of Yussuf's disposition not to see the danger of being discovered by him. The plunder of the khan, however remote the period, would furnish sufficient matter for his enemy to work out his destruction.

But Mourad had to listen to intelligence of a more appalling nature than any which had only the apprehension of peril for its terror. He had to hear the history of his unfortunate mother, of whose fate he had hitherto been in ignorance; and while the Greek related the particulars of her sad story, the horror of the wretched listener beggared all description. Amazement was depicted on every feature; he sat motionless on the divan; his hands clasped over his head, his staring eyeballs riveted on the speaker, and his bloodless lips unconsciously apart.

"It was only after your departure," said the Greek, "that any thing certain was known of the fate of Emineh. The ruins of Chiblak had been long said to be the haunt of gouls and spectres, and the bravest of the soldiers of the Aga trembled to be overtaken by nightfall in their vicinity. Hundreds of people asserted that even before dusk a supernatural being had been seen issuing from the tombs, and gliding amongst the broken columns, shrieking a terrific song, and tearing up the mound with her lank fingers.

"I disbelieved the story; but one night that I had occasion to pass through the ruins, I beheld the spectre. The moon was shining strongly on the features, which I shuddered at beholding; haggard as they were, and pale and ghastly as those of an emaciated corpse, I thought I knew them. Wild as the accents which issued from her lips, and broken as the voice which gave vent to her distraction, I fancied I had heard the sound before. My knees tottered under me, while I gazed on the wretched being; I saw her throw ashes on her head,

and pile the earth over a stone, till it assumed the size and shape of the surrounding graves, and then I saw her kneel beside it, and heard her say it was the grave of her infant, her murdered infant.

"I marked the wildness of her gestures as she waved her hand over the tomb, and bade the gouls, who were prowling in the grave-yard, to keep away from her infant. My heart died within me at the sight of a human creature subdued to such a lowliness. I recognised her at last; she was a poor maniac, driven mad by wretchedness. I remembered her young and beautiful, timid as a fawn, and no less gentle. I remembered her in the fanaal, ere she had become a wife; the Phrosynè of her time, followed by princes, courted by the great, and idolized by all. I contrasted the delicacy of her beauty at that period with her present woe-begone aspect, seared by sun and storm. Oh, Effendi, I do not wonder that you groan! Need I tell you who that forlorn creature was? Need I harrow up your soul, by coupling the dearest name in life with the greatest load of

human misery? Need I say, the wreck of reason and loveliness on which I gazed was all that remained of the once beautiful Emineh?

"You are a man, Effendi, and must endeavour to bear your affliction like a man. I will open the casement a little, and by and by, if it please God, you will feel better. I will say no more for the present on this sad subject, but to-morrow I will tell you all."

Mourad's hand was extended, as if the action had been meant to be accompanied by a command to proceed; but no word followed. The gulping of an inarticulate sound was heard, but the waving of the hand communicated the desire which the agonized Moslem was unable to utter.

"Well," continued the Greek, "if you are resolved to hear it all, I will proceed. When the words of the poor creature left no doubt upon my mind of her being the wife of Michelaki, I approached the spot where she was standing: I called to her by name; I told her I was the friend of her husband; but the only answer I received was a shriek, which thrilled my very heart. She fled with the velocity

of the wind, and disappeared amidst the ruins. After stopping a considerable time on the spot where I had lost sight of her, in the vain hope of again beholding her, I returned to the village. Months passed away, and I heard nothing more of the poor creature; but on going one morning to a village, some four hours' distant from our district, I observed her sitting in the grave-yard at the entrance of the town.

"I was glad to find she made no effort to avoid me when I approached, and that she appeared much more composed than when I had last seen her; but when I examined her features more attentively, there was a death-like expression in her countenance, and a glassy stare in her dim eyes, which I had not observed when I last saw her. I spoke to her in our language; the sound of it seemed to do her good. I told her to be of good cheer,—that I was her friend. She smiled at the word, but it was a smile, Effendi, to turn the words of comfort to ashes on one's lips. I asked her if she had any recollection of me? She said she recollected no one but her infant. I spoke to her of returning with me to her friends: she said

she had no friends. I inquired for her home; but she told me she had no home. I said I would take her to mine, and I would soothe her sorrows, and my wife would cherish her, and my boy would give her comfort, and she would get well, if it pleased God, and she would be happy — she burst into a flood of tears. I was glad to see her weep; for I was sure it was many a long day since she shed a tear, and I thought it would do her good to weep, and that it was a sure sign of returning reason. It was the sign of returning reason, but it was also the symptom of approaching death: it was the date of the interval in misery between madness and dissolution; it was the period of the lighting-up of the fading mind previous to its last long night.

"I asked her to endeavour to rise, and accompany me to the village, where some assistance should be procured for her. She made an effort to get up, but her feeble limbs refused their office. I awaited impatiently the approach of some passenger, to assist me to convey her to the town, fearful of her expiring where she lay. I besought her to inform me,

though she had no settled habitation, where she had found a shelter the preceding night. She pointed to the graves around her. I asked her if she had had no other abode during the winter? and she replied, No other. 'But how, in the name of Allah! my poor Emineh,' said I, 'how have you managed to subsist? where have you found bread? and who has been your benefactor?' She lifted her dim eyes to Heaven; she pointed to a few beans which lay beside her. I could not help weeping; the tears poured down my cheeks, they fell on the cold hand which I held in mine. She looked at me with surprise, and asked me, did I pity her? I said, from the very bottom of my soul I pitied her. She told me she had nothing to give me for my kindness, but God would repay me. She would thank me, she said, but what were the thanks of a poor forlorn wretch like her?

"My heart bled for her; I tried to encourage her, but the words died away on my lips. At length an Imam of a neighbouring mosque passed by. 'Reverend Effendi!' I exclaimed, 'for the sake of your mother's soul, assist me

to carry this sick woman to the town; if she is left here any longer, she will certainly perish.'

"'She is a rayah, I suppose, like yourself,' replied the Imam; 'since you interest yourself about her, you had better get one of the unbelievers of your people to help her. It is not for a divine to profane his hands with the touch of an infidel.'

"The unfeeling priest passed on. A grandee rode by on horseback, followed by several running grooms. I ran to his side, and kissed his stirrup. 'Effendi!' I cried, 'yonder poor creature, who is sitting on that grave, is in the agonies of death. By the magnificence of your house! send one of your servants to assist me in bearing her hence.'

"The great man never deigned to look me in the face; he condescended not to give me a reply, and went his way.

"Shortly after a poor fakir came by the grave-yard; the beggar looked full of misery, but he was humming a love-song as he walked along.

"'Peace be on you, companion!' said I; 'here is a sick woman who cannot move, it

would be a charity of you to give your aid to take her to a house.'

" 'Willingly,' said the beggar; 'this desolate place is a sad abode for a sick woman: if you think a crust of bread and a draught of water will do her good, I can give you both; I wish I had something better to offer her.'

" 'God bless you!' said I; 'when the proud priest is in the bosom of Eblis, when the unfeeling rich man is in the lowest chamber of hell, your kindness will be found recorded in the book above. Your crust of bread it is needless to present to her, the draught of water may refresh her parched lips.'

" We raised her, Effendi, but she was unable to put a foot under her; we conveyed her to the village, where I procured a lodging for her, and I remained with her the few hours she was in existence. I said every thing I thought that was likely to give her any comfort. I told her you were not dead, as she imagined, but that you were in a distant country, and, if rumour erred not, that your footsteps had been fortunate.

" Oh, Effendi, how she fixed her dying

glance upon me, when I said these words! How she struggled to speak to me! and when the faltering accents did find their way to her lips, what heart-rending tones were her's!

"'Alive!' said she; 'did you say he was alive? my beautiful boy, the child in whom my soul was wrapped! the smiling infant that was torn from my bosom! Did you say he was not murdered? Tell me, by the God of mercy! tell me, is my child in life?'

"'He is, Emineh,' said I; 'he is grown in strength and stature; the little shoot has flourished, and become a plant, and the blossom has not belied the promise of the opening bud.'

"'Thanks!' cried the dying woman, 'a thousand thanks to Heaven! I thought he had been dead; how I came to think so, I know not — my mind is all confusion — it was a dream, I suppose, of grief and madness. When I made my home in the cold grave-yard, I fancied I was on the spot where my child was buried; and when the passengers shuddered at my haggard features, I felt as if I was unfit for

the habitations of men. When the cravings of famine compelled me to visit the neighbouring villages, I have some recollection of the words that were spoken to me. Some said I was mad when I talked of the child's murder; others called me the associate of gouls when I returned to the tombs; and some even made a mockery of my grief, and bade me show them how I danced with the gibbering spectres of the grave. God help me! if I was not mad, their cruelty was enough to make me so. If the boy lives, as you say he does, should you ever see him, tell him, I conjure you, how his poor mother loved him, even to distraction; tell him, in all her misery, his image was in her desolate heart; in all her madness, that her ravings were of him alone.'

"Try to be calm, Effendi; the anguish of your countenance terrifies my soul. For the sake of the Madonna! ask me not to proceed."

"Speak on, man," cried Mourad, endeavouring to look composed; "my countenance deceives you. I am not moved,—oh, no, I can hear all you have to say, and be calm—

calm as the grave, my good friend, where the heart festers, and no complaint quivers on the lip."

"Heaven give you patience!" replied the Greek, "you have much need of it. How much ashes has the villainy of one man brought on the head of you and yours!

"The effort the poor creature had made to speak so exhausted her, that she lay all the evening without speech or motion; we put wine repeatedly to her lips, and it appeared to revive her for a time, but towards night-fall she became unable to swallow, and the coldness gradually went on, extending from the extremities to the body, and when I put my hand on her poor head, it was like a mass of ice. It chilled my very soul; I felt it stealing over my fingers and creeping along my veins till my arm ached, and my whole frame shivered with the electrifying chilliness of death.

"Her breathing was not quickened during the struggle, the decay of nature had been too gradual to admit of any violent suffering in the last moments; her hands never stirred, her lips never moved, no pang convulsed her features.

I put my finger to her wrist repeatedly, but I could feel no throb. I laid my hand on her temples, but there was no pulsation: for the last half-hour I felt a fluttering motion about the heart, it was the vibration of the last chord of life; every moment it became feebler and feebler, till at last, such was the faintness of its thrill, that I lost it altogether. She gasped a little, and heaved a long-drawn sigh, and all was silent as the grave. I thought I still could perceive the faint fluttering at the heart, but I was deceived; I put a feather to her lips, but it never moved; the women who stood round the bed asked me if it was over. I touched the cold hand, and it was stiff and motionless. I retired from the bed-side, the spectators still lingered at a little distance, and were afraid to approach; I told them she was no more!

"The following day, I collected a little money amongst the Greek inhabitants of the village, and in the evening we deposited the remains of your poor mother in the tomb."

The sad story was finished. Even he who narrated it was himself in some parts almost inarticulate with grief. He sobbed aloud when

he ceased speaking; but the listener neither sighed, nor wept, nor sobbed: he asked for a little cold water; he arose, he took hold of the hand of the kind-hearted rayah, and pressed it to his heart.

"Do not leave me thus," exclaimed the Greek; "for the sake of the Madonna! speak to me; promise me, before you leave the house, to let the violence of your anguish lead you to the commission of no mad act. Speak to me, I conjure you, if it be only one word, to assure me this lamentable story has not affected you too deeply, and deprived you of all command over your feelings."

"Fear nothing for me," replied Mourad. "I leave you only to seek the solitude of my own chamber; it best befits me just now. To-morrow, if it please God, I will come to you to thank you for all your kindness. If I could pray, I would call down the blessings of Heaven upon your head."

He turned away, from the rayah, and left the house.

CHAPTER XIX.

Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!

LEAR.

YUSSUF'S reputation as a headsman stood as high in Stamboul as that of the chief executioner himself. In his quality of lieutenant to the latter, he had much more frequent opportunities of exercising his skill than he could have possibly had in Smyrna. A day seldom passed over without furnishing an execution either in private or in public, and as the chief was somewhat advanced in years, he left the disposal of such poor wretches as porters, galangis, Jews, and Christians to his worthy lieutenant, who acquitted him of his task much better than his father-in-law had anticipated.

The dignity of Yussuf's appearance had

much to do with his reputation. Since the period of his departure from Bournarbashi, he had become not only robust, but for a man of his age, corpulent; and the placid expression of his handsome features, united with the imposing gravity of his demeanour, ensured him the respect which never fails to be shown to an Effendi of a portly figure and a face of apathy. When he was a candidate for the office of lieutenant, he thought his appointment would leave him nothing more to desire on earth. He had been rid of his wife some weeks before; but when he had the good fortune to obtain the office which was the object of his ambition, he began to think that something more than bastinadoing fast was essential to his happiness, and when he was permitted to cut off heads of vulgar culprits, he pined after the still higher privilege of decapitating pachas and governors.

He feared that his master was immortal, and would never afford him an opportunity of stepping into his shoes. Yussuf was the very quintessence of a Turkish Effendi; he was good-looking, indolent, ignorant, and superstitious; he was the very man for Lady Mary Wortley

Montague to prefer to Sir Isaac Newton. He had consulted every astrologer of any repute in the capital concerning the probability of his succession to the sword of his master: amongst the number was Abou Rassed, who still derived his bread from the sacred giam.

Of all those he had consulted, he had the best opinion of the Zabian's knowledge; and on the recovery of his master from a recent attack of illness, he proceeded to his favourite Astrologer, to ascertain the probability of another malady supervening more serious than the last.

Abou Rassed received the Lieutenant with all the respect due to the high rank of his visitor. The old man was nearly doubled by age, but his faculties were still vigorous, and his features were those of a venerable age, so well in him appeared "the constant service of the antique world." Yussuf observed a Dervish about leaving the apartment as he entered, but, after regarding him for some seconds, he addressed Yussuf in a familiar tone of voice, and asked him if he had not the felicity of speaking to the son of Suleiman, of Bournarbashi? When he received an answer in the affirmative, he called

to the Effendi's mind his having seen him in the khan, when he attended his sister Zuleika. The Dervish was all smiles when he addressed the Lieutenant, but the latter condescended not to wreathe his countenance with a single one, or to manifest any sign of recognition. The Dervish, however, was not easily rebuffed: he mentioned every circumstance which ought to have recalled him to the Effendi's mind; he talked of his voyage to Egypt, and of his acquaintance with his brother Mourad; and he finished by stating how fortunate he had been in having so amiable a companion for his homeward voyage.

The gravity of the slothful features of Yusuf was instantly discomposed. The name of Mourad seemed to awaken every slumbering fiend in his bosom; he began to make inquiries after the health of the Dervish; he hoped he had been fortunate in his travels, and prosperous in his undertakings. He trusted he would be condescending enough to visit his poor house, and to eat his pilau with him, whenever it was convenient to him.

The Dervish was overpowered by the exces-

sive kindness of the Lieutenant; he promised to avail himself of his courteous invitation, and he could not help thinking how much handsomer a man was Yussuf than his brother; how much more affable, and how much better-dressed an Effendi.

"Poor Mourad!" said the Lieutenant, addressing the Dervish in a very affectionate tone of voice, "how many a long year has elapsed since I beheld him! I hope he has preserved his health, and looks well and happy."

"His body's health," replied the Dervish, "is unimpaired; but his soul's health, I fear, is mortally injured. Many griefs have preyed upon his heart, and spread dejection on his pallid features."

"Ah!" cried Yussuf, affecting not to understand the observation of the Dervish, "I was always apprehensive that he would find the burning sun and broiling sands of El Masr prejudicial to his health; but, thank Allah! he has returned, we must do our best to restore him to his strength; but I take it unkindly of him not to have made mine the first house he

entered in Stamboul. I suppose he is lodged in some khan in the neighbourhood. Where, pray, may I make inquiries for him?"

"Ali Dervish," said Abou Rassed, in a loud voice, "it was but last night I consulted the sacred giam, as you begged me to do for you; and as this Effendi may be in a hurry to depart, I will tell you the words I read in the cup of fate, and entreat you to leave me for the present.

"By six qualities," says the proverb, "may a fool be known. I read them in the giam, and I saw your name beneath it. Anger without cause; change without motive; inquiry without an object, are the three first; but the three last are the most important. They are, speech without profit; familiarity with strangers; and incapacity to discriminate between a friend and a foe."

Yussuf scowled; but the Zabian heeded him not. "Go, Dervish," said he, "and God's peace be with you! Remember the giam; listen to its words, and be silent if you would be wise."

The Dervish uttered not another syllable,

but left the room, while Yussuf in vain called after him to return; but he returned not.

"I thought," said Abou Rassed, as he closed the door after him, "I should never have got rid of that profligate calender. It grieved me to hear you ask him to your house. He would not give a piastre to dine with a Mufti, unless there was a bottle of rakee after dinner: he drinks like a fish, Effendi; and when he is drunk, the profanity of his discourse is truly awful."

Yussuf appeared to be satisfied with the explanation he had just heard for the motive of the astrologer's interference. He cursed it in his heart; but he still hoped the Dervish would call on him, and even if he did not, he thought there would be little difficulty in making out the khan where Mourad lodged.

"I cannot stay long with you to-day, father," said Yussuf; "but, I pray you, consult my horoscope, and tell me when am I to attain the object of my wishes."

"It is soon done, my son," said the Zabian, pulling down a large map, covered over with stars, from the shelf, which he spread on the carpet. He then put on a pair of green spec-

tacles, took a long rod in his hand, and walked round the map several times, his eyes fixed on the chart as he went round it, and his wand travelling from one star to another, till at length it rested on an orb in the centre. "Ambition, my son," said Abou Rassed, "is your idol, and here is its altar, smoking with the blood of a thousand sacrifices. The slippery steps to it are surrounded by all these difficulties, numberless as they are; but of the many who attempt the summit, none are more likely to attain it than you are." Yussuf's features brightened up at the promise. "But there is one little obstacle, which even now is rising in your path; but, Heaven forbid that animosity should interfere with ambition! and yet I fear it may. Here are two stars twinkling in the same constellation, and yet they have no affinity for each other. They do not sympathise, Effendi. To what this configuration of the heavenly bodies refers, you best know; the warning is obvious. Whatever be the nature of the encounter that is intended, the danger is imminent."

Yussuf listened attentively to the words of the old man; and when he removed the chart

which lay before him, the former appeared to be a good deal agitated, and, when he rose to depart, his spirit seemed to quail under the keen eye of the astrologer.

He had not been gone above a minute, before the Dervish entered the apartment.

"Ah! my friend Ali," said Abou Rassed, "all the lessons I have given you in celestial science have failed to make you a man of intelligence. How many a foolish word has brought ruin on an innocent man's head! How much more mischief does folly do in the world than downright malice! If there was any speculation in your eyes, could you not read the words of mortal enmity that were written in the features of that man of blood, when you mentioned the name of your unfortunate companion? Who he is, or what he is, I neither know nor care; but you have brought him into trouble, and if you are an honest man, you will not fail to endeavour to defeat the mischief which your imprudence is likely to produce. I tell you, Dervish, there is murder in the thoughts of that Effendi who has just now left us. Do not smile, man; I am not now talking of stars or

giams; for fifty years my book has been the human heart; its study has been my only solace; its knowledge has been my razkallah, my daily bread, and ill have I employed my time if I know not the working of every passion which agitates the breast, and gleams in the countenance."

The Dervish was too well acquainted with his master's knowledge of human nature to dispute his words. He promised to lose not a moment in putting his companion on his guard, and he left the house for the purpose of going to his abode.

Yussuf, in the mean time, had obtained an interview with the chief executioner, and was informing him of the arrival in Stamboul of the robber who had plundered his father of all his wealth, who had murdered the Comptroller of the Customs of Canea, who had profaned the sanctity of the harem, and robbed the widow of his victim of her last paras.

The executioner was not ignorant of these circumstances. The story of the robbery and the murder had made a great deal of noise at

the time; and though the period of their commission was too remote for the memory of Turkish justice, it was not too long for that of vengeance. The executioner said, "If men were to be put in jeopardy for robberies and murders committed ten years ago, the fee simple of no man's head would be worth the purchase."

The unwonted vehemence, however, of Yussuf's manner, and the earnestness of his supplication to be permitted to bring the offender to justice, disposed the executioner to oblige his lieutenant, by consenting to the apprehension of his enemy.

He inquired of Yussuf what he wished to have done with the knave? whether he desired to have him bow-strung, or beheaded, or meant only to extort his riches as a ransom?

Yussuf said, the head of the villain was what he wanted, and he implored his master by every one of the ninety-nine attributes of Allah, to make him happy, and to use his influence with the Cadi to have the culprit condemned to death.

The indulgent executioner promised to in-

terest himself in his behalf; he told him he might count on the condemnation of his enemy, and if it was any personal gratification to him, that he might perform the execution.

Yussuf's eyes sparkled with delight at the prospect of trampling on the neck of his hated rival. He thanked his master over and over for his great kindness, and kissed the hem of his garment with such humility as became an abject slave. He was permitted to take six of his official attendants to apprehend the culprit, and Yussuf lost no time in starting with his bloodhounds, to discover, if possible, the inn where he lodged. He searched several caravanserais to no purpose, at length he stumbled on the right one; he was shown into the apartment of Mourad; he stationed his attendants at the door, and entered the chamber. He found a wretched man, with a care-worn aspect, full of misery, and furrowed with the early lines of sorrow, sitting on a carpet in a gloomy corner of the room, his hands clasped over his knees, his head sunk on his breast, and a wild expression in his regard like the fixed stare of intoxication. He lifted up his head when the stranger entered

the apartment, he looked at him for a moment, and then withdrew his eyes, as if he was heedless of his presence.

Yussuf could hardly believe that the person he looked on was the object of his search; he addressed him by name, and the reply left him no longer in doubt of Mourad's identity.

Previous to his entrance, he had informed the attendants, that the signal for their appearance should be his greeting the culprit with a friendly salutation. He approached his victim. "Well, Mourad!" said he, "will you not raise your head to look on an old friend who comes to see you after so long an absence? will you not greet the companion of your youth with an embrace?" And with these words, he assisted his victim to rise, and pressed him to his heart.

The fellows who were stationed at the door immediately burst into the room. In a moment, the unfortunate Mourad was seized, his arms were pinioned, and cords tied round his wrists. But there was no necessity for the restraint; the poor wretch stood mute and motionless in the midst of them: his knees tottering under him, and his head downcast, he appeared

totally unconscious of what was going forward. Yussuf stared at him with astonishment; the servants stood aloof: some said he was drunk, others that he was famished, but an old man who had gazed on him in silence for several minutes, said he was sick, and he knew nothing of the plague, if that was not the disorder of the prisoner.

Yussuf's cheek and lips became like ashes at the word. "Plague! did you say?" he exclaimed; "look at the kafir well, and tell me, by your beard, is that his malady?"

"As sure," said the old man, "as you pressed him to your bosom, the plague is on him; for all the riches of your tribe, I would not have laid a finger on him."

Yussuf's soul was filled with the terror of the infectious malady. While the old man spoke, he stood aghast, leaning on the shoulder of one of his attendants, trembling from head to foot. In the mean time, the sick man's limbs were tottering under him; at length they seemed to fail him altogether—he staggered a few steps and then sunk on the floor.

"Had he fifty plagues on his person," cried Yussuf, in a tremulous voice, "he should not escape me! If none of you will stand forward and lift the robber from the earth, though the breath of his nostrils reek with contamination, I will raise him and bear him hence: if all of you are such impious Moslems as to fly in the face of Heaven, and seek to avoid that which destiny has ordained to come to pass, the hell-couch of the infidels is too good a bed for you."

The old man was the spokesman of the party; he told the young Effendi, that precaution was not impiety; that it was the act of a madman to stand under a falling house; and that the blessed Prophet had said, there was no necessity to rush into the midst of a conflagration. "What was the use," he said, "of carrying a wretch to a dungeon, who would die quietly in his own dwelling within three days, without troubling any human being? What was the necessity of carrying a pestiferous disease into a crowded gaol?

"He prayed Heaven its ravages would not extend to the Effendi's house; but he trembled,"

he said, "for the result of his imprudence: it was an unfortunate greeting. Who, that had the use of his two eyes, could fail to see the deadly characters of the most terrible of all maladies written in the livid features of the wretch he had folded to his heart? Did you not observe, Effendi," continued the torturer, "the wildness of his lurid eye, the leaden hue of his complexion, the quivering motion of his ashy lip; and how, in the name of Allah! with such horrors staring you in the face, could you throw yourself into his arms? Oh! Effendi, it was ill-done of you, and it will be a great mercy if you escape the peril you have rushed in the midst of."

Yussuf stood breathless with consternation; the mortal anxiety of his countenance was visible to every eye; the warning of the astrologer was present to his mind, his words were so many appalling terrors to his heart. He still was in the chamber, and every breath he drew he felt as if it came warm from the contaminating lips of the wretch before him, and was loaded with the effluvia of the noisome malady. His heart sickened with apprehension;

he was alone in the apartment; the old man besought him, from the door-way, to leave the place of peril; he gave one scowling glance at the unfortunate being who lay extended on the floor, and quitted the room.

"Shall we go, Effendi?" said the old man, "from this devoted house, over which the angel of death is flapping his sable wings? shall we leave this pest-house, Effendi, about whose windows the ravens are hovering, and the horrible vulture, with blood-stained beak and grumous claws, is spreading the shade of his monstrous wings?"

"Peace, man!" exclaimed Yussuf, "your words are those of terror. If the sight of a sick man have turned the stream of life into geled water, fly while you have a foot to stand upon; but here will I remain, till I procure the assistance of those who have the souls of men, and whose spirits will not quail when I command them to bear that villain to a dungeon."

"If you are resolved on taking him," replied the old man, "the common porters who convey the sick wretches to the pest-house of the Seven Towers, will be the fittest persons to

bear him to his dungeon. Shall we send for them, Effendi?"

"Do so," said Yussuf, "and let it be done quickly." One of the attendants was dispatched for the fellows, whose horrible avocation is undertaken by none but the very dregs of the Bagnio. Yussuf was seated on the step of the door waiting their arrival; every moment appeared an age of torment till they appeared; his only chance of escaping the contagion, depended, he believed, on changing his apparel and visiting the bath.

At length the messenger returned with those he had been sent for; two such cut-throats never gave the hellish character of atrocity to the human countenance. Drunkenness and profanity were written in every broad disgusting line of their visages, and all the detestable familiarity of vulgar infamy was apparent in their address. "Allah defend my soul!" said Yussuf, in a voice almost audible enough for the ears of those around him, "from the horror of ever encountering the sight of these wretches on the bed of sickness! Heaven preserve me from the touch of their appalling hands!

Merciful powers, save me from the terrors of the gloomy walls, where none who enter, again go forth! Prophet of the faithful! let me walk under thy shadow; and be thy protection my shield from danger, my shelter from the falling arrows of the pestilence which flies aloft and turns the breath of life into a poison."

"Where is the man who is to be carried hence?" said one of the fellows, addressing himself to Yussuf; "and where would you have him brought?" Yussuf shuddered at the sound of the gruff voice; he could not bring his heart to sustain the stare of the bold eye which was fixed upon him; his look was involuntarily averted from the fellow's hideous face, when he told him the prisoner was to be taken to the Bagnio.

A growl of surprise was the reply. "What, take a dying man to a dungeon! it is our business to carry people with the plague to the pest-house; but no matter where we go, so long as we are paid for our trouble. Do you think he will die on the road? if so, we are entitled to double pay for carrying a corpse."

"Dogs!" cried Yussuf, "bear off your burden and cease your clamour."

"Dogs as we are," muttered the fellow who had before spoken, "we have dragged the body of a greater Effendi than any here, before now, to the sea-shore." Yussuf shuddered: had the speaker stood another moment before him, in all probability he would have had a bullet through his head; but he had the prudence to follow his scowling companion into the apartment where the unfortunate Mourad lay. When they rudely seized on his arms and pulled him up, he looked wildly round him, his brain was all confusion, he knew not where he was, or who surrounded him; but as they led him to the door, trailing his feet after him, his heavy eye-lids sinking every moment, and his head nodding at every step, he seemed to make an effort to rouse his stupified senses. He stared like one bewildered at the strange faces he saw about him; his glance at length encountered the person of Yussuf: for a minute his dim eye was riveted on his countenance; his death-like feature brightened up, a faint blush of redness passed over his cheek, his eyebrows became contracted, and from the dark space between them thunderbolts appeared to issue.

He stood firmer on his legs than he had done before; his head became erect; all of a sudden he rushed from the hold of the two fellows who stood beside him, and sprang at Yussuf's throat: every nerve was strung with the excitement of the moment, the strength of death was in his grasp, his fingers continued clawed into the neck of his enemy, and there he stood in breathless frenzy, shaking every fibre of the trembler in his grasp, and defying the strength of all the attendants to tear his hands from the throat of his adversary.

It was a shocking spectacle. The terrified Yussuf was screaming to those about him to save him from the madman; the horror of his look was even more appalling than the frenzy of Mourad's; and it was only after the desperate struggle had endured for many minutes, that the strength of the assailant began to fail; his limbs trembled; his features shrank, and his enfeebled hands at last relaxed their hold; and when the servants were tearing him from their master, he still breathed defiance at his foe, and spat upon his person, as he was dragged from him.

No sooner were the arms of Yussuf set at liberty, than he grasped his pistol; but the servants stepped between him and his victim, while the latter sunk exhausted into the arms of the two ruffians who stood by him, and was carried to the prison of the Bagnio, followed by the old man, to whose charge he was committed.

Yussuf hastened to his own house, terrified with the apprehension of the contaminating touch from which he had just escaped. Every symptom he had ever heard of that terrible disorder was present to his imagination; every sound he had ever heard of the subtlety of its contagion came to his recollection; and if any thing was wanting to complete the mortal agony of fear, the supernatural warning of the astrologer filled up the measure of his distress.

CHAPTER XX.

——— The circling sky,
The wide enlivening air is full of fate;
And struck by turns in solitary pangs
They fall unblest, untended, and unmourn'd.
THOMSON.

THE gaoler of the Bagnio grumbled a curse on the head of the prosecutor, who sent him such a prisoner within his walls. He made some difficulty about admitting him; but when he heard the name of the lieutenant of the chief executioner, all his scruples vanished; the fear of engendering a plague in the prison was nothing to the apprehension of losing the favour of the executioner.

Poor Mourad was carried to a dungeon, in which eighteen wretches were confined, crowded together in a room about thirty feet square; many without a mat to lay their bones on, or a

rug to cover their naked limbs; some were chained to the wall, others to their comrades. They were of different countries; confined for different crimes; they had only one thing in common, and that was misery. Mourad had been in a state of insensibility from the moment of his removal from the khan to that of his arrival in the prison. He now lay extended on his back, his eyes fixed constantly on the ceiling; all the excitement of fever in his features, without its glow; all the anxiety of a deadly malady in his countenance, without the power of giving utterance to his distress. The feeble pulse, and laboured breathing of a strangled circulation, proclaimed the nature of his disease to the hakkim who visited the prison; while the leaden cheek, and livid lip, and glaring eye, left little doubt on the minds of his fellow-prisoners, that the sick man's disorder was the plague. But the consternation of the poor wretches was at its height, when the unequivocal symptoms of the disease manifested themselves; when the plague-spot glowed in the pale flesh, and the purple streak extended from

it to the place where the poison was concentrated.

The sufferer still lay without sense or motion; the oppression of the disorder had prostrated the strength of Nature, and vitality struggled unequally and ineffectually with the despotism of Death's prime minister. But the second day of his abode in that place of wretchedness, the torpor of the mind diminished; he gazed at the miserable objects who surrounded him; he listened to the clanking of their chains; he repeated their imprecations; he tossed to and fro, and, like him who was "smote with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown," he cursed his day, for "the arrows of the Almighty were within him, the poison whereof drinketh up the spirit." The leaden hue of his features now assumed a crimson tint; his eyes became bloodshot; he clenched his fingers, and muttered incessantly to himself; and at nightfall the fury of his delirium was at its height. He screamed for water till his parched tongue clove to his palate; but there was none to give him. He asked, in the name of the Prophet, for one

blessed drop to cool his burning mouth; but he asked in vain. He called on the God of Islam, to let the dew of heaven moisten his baked lip; but his prayer was drowned in the imprecations of the wretches whose rest he interfered with. In his frenzy, he crawled from the ground, dashed his aching head against the wall, and groaned with agony. All night long his lamentable howl was heard, and in the morning he was found on the damp pavement, disfigured with blood, and the remnant of his tattered garments in his grasp. It was a sad spectacle: even the wretches, whose hearts were familiar with atrocity, and accustomed to misery in all its horrid shapes, pitied their unfortunate fellow-prisoner, and assisted to carry him back to the mat he had quitted in the night. The third day passed over, and he still was in existence; and in the course of that day, an old man entered the dungeon, whose long white beard and venerable figure excited a feeling of deferential awe in the bosoms of the prisoners: he was followed by a Dervish of a very different appearance, who pointed to the spot where Mourad lay. The old man approached him;

he gazed on the haggard visage of the sick man: he said the features of his young happy days must have been much altered to be what they then were; they were not altogether those of a villain, but many unpropitious planets had shed their disastrous influence upon them. He turned to the Dervish: "This is the man," said he, "you told me was the son of a dear friend. Behold what you have brought him to. It was ill done of you, my son, to bring a sick man to such a chamber."

"Reproaches are needless," said the Dervish; "my own heart furnishes a thousand. I repent of my folly, Abou Rassed, and I wish, from the bottom of my soul, I had gone when you told me, to warn the son of my poor friend of the peril I had brought him into."

The old man put his hand into his bosom, and pulled out his purse. "Take this money, my friend," said he, "and use more diligence than you did when I last gave you a commission; purchase a carpet for the poor fellow to lie on, and some covering to throw over him. While you are away, I will endeavour to pro-

cure for him the attendance of one of his fellow-prisoners; a few piastres are a strong enforcement of the duties of humanity."

When the Dervish was gone, the old man took a phial from his sleeve, and put it to the mouth of the sick man. Whatever it contained, it was swallowed with avidity, and the last drop of it was drained before it was taken from his lips. In a little time, it seemed to do him good; he moved his limbs, but his senses still remained obscured, and he returned no answer to any question that was put to him. The Dervish returned in a much shorter time than Abou Rassed expected, with the articles he had sent him for. The latter then distributed a few piastres amongst the prisoners who stood about him, and told them he would not forget them on the morrow, if they paid some attention to their poor companion. The rug was immediately spread, Mourad placed on it, and a large vessel of sherbet put by his side.

The eyes of the good old man glistened with satisfaction when he imagined he perceived some little improvement in his patient; and after recommending him over and over to the

kindness of one who had promised to take charge of him, he left the place.

The patient appeared much more tranquil during the day, but the delirium returned at the same hour precisely it had set in the preceding night; but his attendant watched over him, and frequently gave him to drink, and in the morning, though the violence of his disorder was unabated, it was unaccompanied by the extreme exhaustion of the day before.

At noon, Abou Rassed made his appearance, but unattended by the Dervish, whose friendship, perhaps, was not proof against the fear of infection. The cordial was repeated, and a few piastres more were given to the attendant before the old man took his leave. That night the delirium did not return, and there was a moisture on the hands and forehead which gave some hope of his amendment to the attendant, who had hitherto little expectation of his recovery.

But the morning was ushered in with a scene of horror in the dungeon, which turned the blood cold of every wretched being within its walls, whose senses were yet alive to the terror

of the doom that awaited him. Moans and lamentations were heard in every corner of the dungeon; seven of its inmates were infected with the plague; the groans of the sick were mingled with the cries of those who were reserved for a later death: of the two, the fate of the latter was the worst, for the horrors they had to witness rendered life more appalling than the tomb.

They knocked at the door of their dungeon, and besought the gaoler to let them forth; they supplicated to be taken from the place of terror; they prayed, they wept, they beat the door like madmen, and when the gaoler inquired into the cause of their clamour, and was told the plague was raging in the crowded dungeon, they were told the plague must end in the place where it commenced, and till it did, no human being should cross the threshold.

No language can give an adequate idea of the despair of the poor wretches; they tore their garments, flung themselves on the floor, and filled the dungeon with their cries. Every time their miserable pittance of bread and water was put through the wicket, the same appalling

scene took place; and when night came, four of the poor wretches more were added to the sick.

A melancholy night it was as ever passed over the heads of human beings; nothing was heard but piteous moans and frenzied shrieks, the cries of the parched throat, and the ravings of the burning brain; and all the theme was Water! water!

No man dreamed of assisting his companion, his own individual pangs, whether those of pain or terror, absorbed his thoughts; the supplications of the sick were drowned in curses; hideous laughter was occasionally mingled with the shrieks of pain; and the small shrill voice of mortal anguish was heard at intervals during the night, followed by the inarticulate accents of the low thick muttering of madness.

When the morning dawned on the walls of the prison, and some feeble rays found a passage to the dungeon through the narrow aperture in the door, which was called a window, a sorry sight presented itself to view; the floor was covered with extended bodies; hideous gestures, disfigured the features of some, convulsed throes distorted the limbs of others, exhaustion had

suspended the faculties of many, their sufferings—no! they slumbered, but even in their sleep they writhed in anguish. Three of them slept well, they breathed no more; and noisome animals were already crawling over their remains.

It was noon before a wretch was stirring, and when the sufferers did awake, it was to the renewal of all the horrors of the preceding day; before sun-set, nine other devoted beings were marked for death; their mien was ghastly as that of their companions, the hand and seal of fate was on their foreheads. From this time, the closeness of the dungeon every hour became more dreadful; the pestiferous breath of the surviving was mingled with the effluvia from the dead, and the empoisoned exhalation was condensed on the damp walls, and was seen trickling down in drops of poison to the ground. Days passed over, and the pestilence raged with increased fury; "the hand of the Most High was out-stretched, and the people were smote, and they were cut off from the earth;" victim followed victim with terrible rapidity, and in nine days, five miserable men were in existence. Surrounded by the loathsome bodies of their

companions, they breathed, but that was all; their looks were exanimate as those of their dead comrades; their eyes were sunken, their cheeks were hollow, their tongues were swollen, their black baked lips were streaked with gore, their aspects were horrible to one another.

Mourad was one of the unfortunate survivors: the poor man who attended on him at the commencement of the disorder, paid him unremitting attention, but he was at length attacked; and, like the sick Machaon, he needed the help he gave another. For the last three days, the wretched Mourad was left destitute of sustenance; the water jar was in sight, but not within his reach; his hand many a time was extended towards it, his dim eye was riveted on it, he attempted to rise, but it was a hopeless effort. He uttered no complaint; the voice of lamentation was no longer heard in the dungeon, the silence of death was there; want was present, but the stillness of inanition prevailed; and if a sound was heard, it was the name of Allah, or the feeble moan which the death-pang wrung from the sufferer. Another morning sent its rays through the grated win-

dow of the dungeon; another dawn lit up the chamber of death, and presented the livid mass of mortality which reeked around to the eyes of the surviving sufferers. But it was the last which was ever to send its light to Mourad—it was the final day of life's long misery—it was the farewell beam to his dejected visage, and it shone upon him as if its parting light was meant to bless him. Sunset came, and he still was living; the rays of another morning broke upon his features, but they were fixed for ever; its beams played over his lips, but they moved no more; its light fell on his lids, but the orbs beneath were wrapped in darkness; its heat struck on his breast, but the heart it held was cold as ice. There lay the remains of the once buoyant Mourad, the earthly tenement of his daring spirit, the mortal coil of pride and passion. No one stood over his corpse to recall his crimes, no weeping friend was there to soften down the obloquy they had incurred. But if there were none to palliate his faults, there still were none to revive his errrors; there were none to exaggerate or extenuate his crimes—none to say his depravity was unredeemed by

a single virtue; and none to make allowance for the controlling influence of a vicious education, directed in after-life by the tide of circumstances, perhaps no less than by the current of the passions.

Death might well stumble in the dungeon of the Bagnio; like the dim-sighted camel of Aad, the victims of his tyranny were thickly scattered around, horror was accumulated on horror, and when the monster in human shape, who kept his fellow men immured in that terrible dungeon till the poison of the putrid atmosphere found its way through the prison, opened the doors, two miserable beings were in life, and when they were dragged forth, one poor wretch died on the threshold.

The disease extended no farther. The prudent conduct of the gaoler was represented to the Sultan; his Highness began to entertain some hopes of carrying his plans of reform into effect: this was the first attempt at quarantine; it was a European custom, and as it worked well, it was one of the great reforms to which Turkey was to owe her regeneration. The noise of it even reached the country of the Fran-

gis; the British statesmen hailed the auspicious omen as an indication of energy in the Porte; the resolution of the Sultan was praised, and that highly too, and the prime-minister of the Giaours talked of the carcase of Thrace becoming a phœnix, out of whose ashes the triumphant Crescent was to rise, and expressed a hope of soon congratulating Christianity on the event.

The minister was applauded by all parties; the energetic Sultan and his amiable people had, somehow or other, become great favourites in England; nothing went down with the public but encomiums on Turkey. The men made a miserable attempt at a Turkish beard; they suffered their whiskers to encompass their chins, and when they looked like Jews, they fancied they were more hirsute than the Grand Seignior. Even the ladies forgot their horror of husbands with four wives, and consulted the most recondite quartos touching the fashion of Turkish sleeves. Heaven knows where it would have ended, had not an untoward and unforeseen event arisen which it would be a misprision of treason to notice here.

Suffice it to say, in the country of those infi-

dels who have the honour to supply the subjects of the Grand Turk with penknives, there is a fashion in opinions as well as in attire, and he who outrages the novelty of either, is in danger of being hooted out of all genteel society.

CHAPTER XXI.

Thus far with rough and all unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued his story,
In little room confining little men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
King Henry V.

ABOU RASSED daily visited the prison during the illness of Mourad, but was denied admission to his dungeon; and when he was no more, he even sought permission to bury his remains, and was refused.

The Dervish had related to him the particulars of his early history, and its recital had interested the old man warmly in the fate of the poor fellow. He reproached the imprudent Dervish repeatedly with the ruin he had brought on him, and with his cruelty in refusing to apprise him of his danger.

The Dervish made many excuses for his conduct, but none of them redeemed him in the opinion of Abou Rassed. The only motive he could give for not going to him, when he had promised to do so, was his apprehension of having offended the young man some days before. "He had met him," he said, "in the bazaars, strolling from one place to another, more dejected in his appearance than he had ever seen him. His dress was in disorder, and such was the exhaustion of his look, that he seemed not to have slept for many nights before. When I inquired what was the matter with him, he said, nothing ailed him; he was happier than he had been for a long time; he was entirely content. I thought he did not look so. I told him what I thought, but he was not pleased."

"Fool!" said he, "what has the heart to do with looks? Cannot the murderer smile when his thoughts are deadly? Cannot the sorrowful man give laughter to his lip when his soul is troubled? Cannot the traitor give sparkling truth to his regard, when he is plotting against his friend's peace? 'Away, Dervish!' said he, 'you know nothing of humanity.'

"There was a wildness in his glance which I had never before observed. I thought he had been among the theriakis; but I was wrong in thinking so. I said I would not leave him in such a state as I then found him; I besought him to allow me to accompany him. He appeared to be moved by my attention.

"'No, my friend,' said he, 'I am not going home; I do not need your assistance; I am not intoxicated; my health is unimpaired, but all is not well with my peace. I have had ill news of late; but I will endeavour to forget it, and when we meet again, you will find me an altered man.'

"We did meet, Abou Rassed, and I found him indeed an altered man: it was a terrible alteration. I cautioned him to avoid the crowded places in which I had lately found him. He made no reply; he left me; and when I saw him next, the pestilence was on him."

"Poor young man!" said Abou Rassed, "that intelligence he talked of was news of no common calamity; but he is at rest. No calamity can now come near him; no evil news can give him farther pain. I wish you had made

me acquainted with him at an earlier period, I might have been able to have rescued him from the baneful influence of his evil star; I might have given him counsel to have guided him in his trials, and comfort to have sustained him in the midst of his afflictions."

While the good old man was thus expressing his regret at not having been able to be serviceable to the ill-fated Mourad, he was summoned to Yussuf's dwelling. He lost no time in repairing to his house; he was ushered into his chamber, and there he found him laid on a mattress in the middle of the room, and surrounded by numerous attendants. There was no kind neighbour by the bedside, no "troops of friends" in the anti-chamber; the servants looked happy, and those who stood behind their master were jesting with their comrades. The door leading to the harem was ajar; the giggling of women was heard. Abou Rassed thought he heard a prayer for the sick man's death.

"He is not dangerously ill, I hope?" whispered the old man to one of the attendants.

"He in danger!" replied the smiling groom;

"Oh, no, the favourites of the Shitan are always long-lived." The astrologer raised his eyes to Heaven. "He in danger!" continued the menial, "if there were an execution to-morrow, he would be stirring at the dawn."

"Allah defend me," thought Abou Rassed, "from such a sick bed! He gazed on the invalid,—the anxiety of his regard was striking; he glanced at the attendants,—they all looked joyous. On every countenance the sick man threw his eyes there was gladness. When the cup was put to his lips, it was pushed with violence; when the flies were flapped from his face, it was done with such rudeness as to startle the unfortunate man every time he dropped asleep.

At length he observed the astrologer. "Abou Rassed," said he, turning to the astrologer, "if you have a word of comfort to give me, speak it, I beseech you; but if you have none to offer, leave me to my misery. Do not talk to me of what I have done; it is in vain to remind me of that which you warned me to avoid. If I have erred, I am sorely punished;

the affliction I feared more than death itself is on me."

"Min Allah!" said Abou Rassed, "God forbid that I should upbraid you! your own reflections render reproof superfluous. How long have you been ill, Effendi?"

"Since the fatal day," replied Yussuf, "when I clasped a wretch in my embrace who had the plague upon him. I knew it not at the time; but when I was informed of the peril I encountered, I felt his hot breath still glowing on my cheek; the touch of his burning hand became perceptible to my heart; I trembled for the result: my blood melted into water; I prayed to the Apostle to defend me from infection. But I felt the contamination of his touch in my vitals; the sensation of his hot breath, as if it issued from a furnace, on my face, never left me; the more I endeavoured to escape from the terrible apprehension of pestilence, the more was I pursued by the appalling phantom. Its livid aspect was ever present to my mind; its loathsome form met me at every step; it was the subject of my

dreams, the theme of my discourse; every faculty of my soul was absorbed in the mortal apprehension of the plague. The fear of madness; the terror of being abandoned by my friends; the dread of not having a draught of water to slake my thirst — these have preyed upon me, till the horrible certainty of the disease has come at last. Look on me with pity — rescue me, I conjure you, from the horrors of my state — save me, I beseech you, from the sufferings which, I fear, are reserved for me."

"Calm yourself, my son," replied Abou Rassed; "the plague is not always a mortal malady, and every fever that burns in the blood is not a pestilence. Are you sure you have the plague?"

"As sure," cried the patient, "as that this throbbing head, these aching limbs are mine. The hakkim has been here, and every symptom he described, I feel; he doubted at first, but when I told him how immediately I was attacked, after coming in contact with the disease; when I informed him how my limbs tottered, how I reeled like a drunken man, he shook his head; he did not tell me with his

lips that I was infected, but I read his opinion in his awful look."

Abou Rassed made no reply for some minutes; his keen eye ran over the features of the patient; he felt his wrist, and the result of his examination was the conviction that terror was the malady of the Effendi, and not plague.

The hakkim, however, had declared it to be the latter, and it was not for him to dispute the word of a physician; he merely hinted at the possibility of his being mistaken. The sick man manifested much impatience; he told the astrologer he knew his disease too well, and it was not to doubt, but to overcome it, if it were possible, that he sent for him.

"Well, then," said Abou Rassed, somewhat piqued by the latter observation; "since it is the plague, it can be no other malady, and Allah, in his mercy, bring you through it! I would be glad to know what medicine the hakkim has ordered you to take?"

"He has prescribed for me," replied Yussuf, "the customary remedy of a dish full of caviare in the four-and-twenty hours."

Abou Rassed turned up his eyes; he thought

the inordinate dose was sufficient to make a hale man sick; he imagined no other but the stomach of a Greek could support such a remedy.

"Answer me, Abou Rassed!" exclaimed Yussuf, in a tremulous voice, "am I to recover? or is this terrible malady to bring me to the grave?"

"You ought to recover," replied the astrologer, "and, if it please God, you may; but before I give a definite answer, I must consult your horoscope, and see what destiny has decreed for you."

"If there be any thing good to tell me," cried Yussuf, "the sooner you return the better; but if you have no hopes to give me, never come near me more."

"I will obey your words, Effendi," replied Abou Rassed, "but remember it is not for the man who reads the stars to control their influence; an astrologer may learn your fate, Effendi, without being able to prevent its accomplishment."

The old man took his leave; the interview

had not apparently raised the Effendi in his opinion, for he manifested little alacrity in consulting the horoscope of the patient. Three days passed over, but he did not return; and it was only on the fourth, when he received a message to attend him, that he reluctantly obeyed the summons. He found the attendants in great confusion, the grave-faced hakkim at the bedside, and the unfortunate patient, in a low delirium, which he was informed had succeeded a violent paroxysm of fever. His appearance was very much altered since the period of Abou Rassed's last seeing him, and the great anxiety of his countenance showed that some serious malady had seized upon him. The old man questioned the hakkim concerning the disease, but it was long before the technicalities of art became sufficiently intelligible to common sense, to allow the doctor's meaning to be got at.

One time he said the disorder was plague, at another that it was only a fever in the blood; and when Abou Rassed suggested the idea of its being a malignant fever, the poor doctor was obliged to concur in his opinion, but he pre-

mised, at the same time, that the diseases only differed in degree, and that caviare was applicable to both.

"Star of medical science!" said Abou Rassed, "suffer me to offer an opinion, if it be not impertinent to do so, before so learned a physician. I believe that fear was the first malady of the Effendi, and that his body became sick through the medium of his imagination. Imagination! great hakkim, does miracles in medicine; it gives more efficacy to physic than many of the faculty are aware of; it is the seat of more maladies than the sick can be convinced of. What doctor ever made a cure who possessed not the confidence of his patient? and when cured, was it the physic which effected the recovery? No! it was the patient's belief that the physic was to cure him. The first impression, in this case, was made on the imagination; you attacked it with caviare; the effect of your remedy was to turn the disease of the mind to the body much earlier than it might otherwise have appeared there, and to aggravate its symptoms. In short, learned hakkim, it is my opi-

nion, that the Effendi is mortally sick, and that a cart-load of caviare cannot save him."

The doctor waxed wroth at the old man's presumption; but as he acknowledged having mistaken the patient's complaint, he thought it most prudent to hold his tongue.

Abou Rassed's prognostic turned out to be a correct one; the more caviare the unfortunate patient swallowed, the more sick he became. The low delirium never ceased, the prostration of strength continued, the symptoms gradually increased in violence, and on the fifteenth day of his disorder, he expired.

There was little lamentation made over his remains; he was hated by his servants, he was detested in his harem, and little respected in his neighbourhood.

After his decease, the first act of his followers was to pillage his effects, and the little that was left was sold at a public auction, to defray the expenses of his funeral.

Abou Rassed continued in the enjoyment of health, and in the possession of his faculties, to a good old age; he consulted his giam, he con-

versed with the planets, he made horoscopes and astrolabes to the last day of his existence; and when he was gathered to his people, the Sun was his kebla; for in spite of all the endeavours of his friend the Dervish to convert him to the faith of the true believers, he died as he had lived—a Pagan.

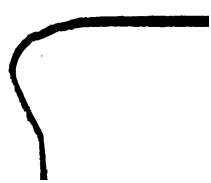
The Dervish returned to his convent, where, in a short time, the fame of his virtues attracted the attention of all the good Moslem, men and women, in the vicinity. As years advanced, the influence of the Goddess Beltha ceased to hold dominion over his heart. He became remarkable for decorum and gravity; the respectability of his conduct gained him the highest station in his convent; in a very little time he had the reputation of doing miracles; the convent was besieged with pious supplicants from morning till night, old ladies suing for charms to preserve them in the good graces of their lords, young damsels begging amulets to insure the affections of gay deceiving Effendis; and poor women in the prime of widowhood, supplicating the prayers of the good Dervish for a new establishment. In short, nothing could exceed

his reputation for sanctity; had he cut up his kirkah, the shreds of it would have fetched at least a dozen purses. The most wonderful cures that were ever performed by a Dervish, he had the credit of making; cripples hung up their crutches in the hall of the convent; young women, who had been afflicted with head-aches, drove nails into the wall, with tresses of hair hanging from them; while others, who had not been blessed with families for many years, sent valuable presents to the superior. The good people in the neighbourhood only waited for his death, to build a great tomb, with a cupola over his remains, to make him a saint. His name was destined to flourish in the Turkish calendar, and when at last he gave the worthy people an opportunity of showing their respect for his eminent sanctity, there was not a woman of any piety in Stamboul, who did not contribute her piastre to the erection of the tomb of Dervish Ali.

When it was completed, thousands of devotees flocked to it. The interior was filled with presents; a guardian was appointed to it, and amply paid for reciting his praises: there

never was such a saint in Turkey as Dervish Ali. The votary of Beltha was transformed into the saint of Islam:—there is but one step in Stamboul between the ridiculous and the sublime; the Dervish had made it, and his apotheosis was perfect.

To those who have accompanied "the Mussulman" so far, some apology is due for the tedium of the journey; the road, peradventure, has not been always smooth, nor the prospect pleasant. Fatigue may have exhausted "the patient horse of toil and travel;" the feebleness of the companion of the way may have unfortunately recalled the vigour of an old acquaintance who travelled the same route, and the comparison may have been invidious; how could it be otherwise? the distance between "The Greek" and all his followers is immeasurable.

THE END.

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